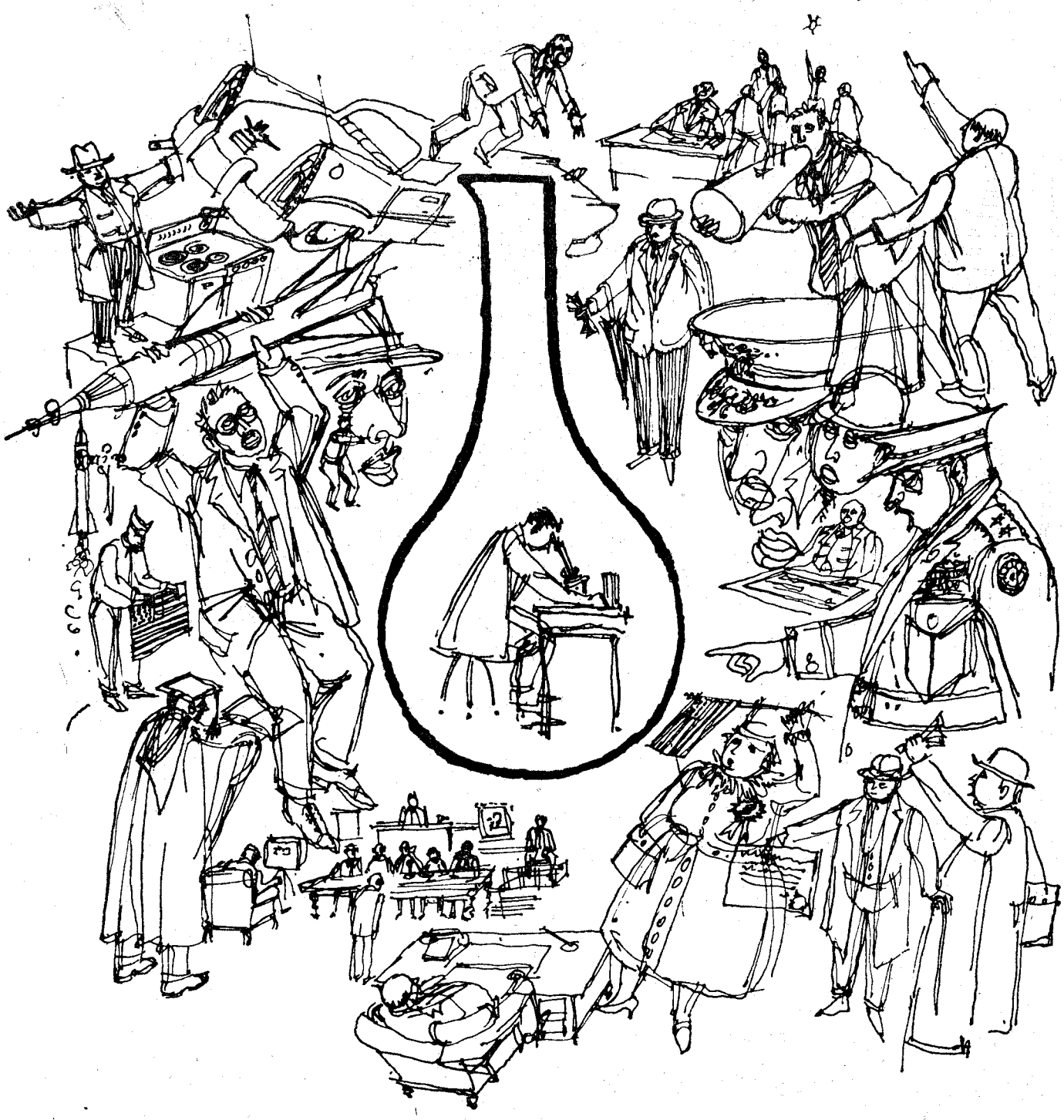
THE
NATION

MARCH 15, 1958 . . 25c



A NEW ETHICS for SCIENCE

by Philip Siekevitz

The Charles C. Sherrod Library
EAST TENNESSEE STATE COLLEGE
JOHNSON CITY, TENNESSEE

DIGITIZED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

Silent Strength

Dear Sirs: I think the public interest demands that Why We're Losing the Propaganda War, by John G. Schneider, in the March 1 issue of *The Nation* should be sent to all executive department heads of our government, to all members of Congress, and to other group leaders and opinion molders of the American public. The article would, I am sure, give many of them a new viewpoint toward our overseas information efforts, particularly their close relationship with our national politics and practices.

A favorable world opinion is important to us. Mr. Schneider brilliantly, wittily and tersely tells the whole story of how ineptly we are now trying to reach this goal. . . . I agree with him that it is unnecessary for us to be as vocal as the generals and admirals are about our military strength. Strength speaks for itself to the Communists, and if it remains silent, does not scare other peoples and provide a propaganda weapon for the Communists to use against us by accusing us of belligerency.

EDWARD L. BERNAYS
Chairman, National Committee for an Adequate U.S. Overseas Information Program

New York City

His Duty Done

Dear Sirs: One reason, among others, for our subscribing to *The Nation* is that it records facts faithfully, often from first-hand knowledge. We do not always agree with your interpretations, however. In your recent editorial, Billy Graham's Fizzle (February 8 issue), we feel that too much of the personal element entered in—and that you failed to appreciate the tremendous success of The Crusade! Mr. Graham would be the first to welcome a true appraisal of the results. He more than once stated that from an outsider's point of view New York City would seem to move on as usual; that the thousands whose hearts had been transformed and who through the years would be developing into godly, law-abiding citizens might be little noticed. "Man looks on the outward appearance, the Lord upon the heart." Not a high per cent received the Lord when He walked among them.

We feel that 36 per cent is a tremendous victory, considering the fact that many church members who went forward testified that never before had their hearts been opened to the Gospel. No such interest has ever been shown in any revival campaign. In fact, one life transformed into another Moody, Finney or Billy Sunday, would be worth The Crusade. So we conservative, positive-thinking Christians thank you for the facts, but grieve over the interpretation—the counting of the great blessing as a "fizzle." Our Lord's command is to "proclaim"—to speak His Word, whether they will hear or whether they will forbear.

W. MCWILLIAMS

Los Angeles, California

[*The Editor of* The Nation *treasures an aunt who always speaks her mind.*]

State of McCarthyism

Dear Sirs: To Dan Wakefield's excellent article on Dr. Austin, dismissed CCNY professor (*The Nation,* March 1 issue), I should like to add a postscript: McCarthyism is dead neither in the state nor city of New York. New York City is continuing its investigation of teachers and other municipal employees. In the legislature at Albany, a bill to extend the state Security Risk Act and a bill to apply the repressive Feinberg Law to all city employees is now pending.

McCarthyism will not die until fellow Americans fight for the reinstatement of its victims in city, state and nation.

SYLVIA KATZEN

Brooklyn, New York

Charity Saves Money

Dear Sirs: Three cheers for Jacob Goldberg for showing who really pays for philanthropy in this country (letters column, *The Nation,* February 22). He only told half the story, however. Take his individual in the 50 per cent bracket. If this individual were fortunate enough to own a security which cost $1,000, but which after six months was selling for $2,000, he could give away the security and claim a charitable contribution of $2,000 and avoid the capital gains tax of the $1,000 profit. This would make a net cost of the contribution to him of only $750. Similarly, a corporation would have a net cost of only $710. His more fortunate individual who is in the 91 per cent bracket would save $2,070 in taxes for every $2,000 contribution, thereby making $70 on the deal.

Yours for greater charitable contributions,

HENRY H. ABRAMS

New York City

In This Issue

ARTICLES

220 The Purging of Stassen — by FREDERIC W. COLLINS
222 A New Ethics for Science — by PHILIP SIEKEVITZ
227 An Algerian *J'accuse* — by NORA BELOFF
229 Guilty or Insane? A New Test — by MANFRED S. GUTTMACHER
232 Orphans of the Big Top — by MARIAN MURRAY

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

235 The Independence of Pasternak — by ERNEST J. SIMMONS
236 Variations on a Theme of Cavalcanti (poem) — by A. J. M. SMITH
237 Memory of Anger — by WILLIAM ESTY
238 Plaza de Tores, Iowa (poem) — by ADRIEN STOUTENBERG
240 Wealth and Rebellion — by MAX COSMAN
240 Reading the Blues — by NAT HENTOFF
241 Know-How (poem) — by ALEXANDER LAING
242 Letter from Rome — by WILLIAM WEAVER
242 The Crossroads (poem) — by DAVID GALLER
243 Theatre — by HAROLD CLURMAN
244 Music — by LESTER TRIMBLE
Crossword Puzzle (opp. p. 244) — by FRANK W. LEWIS

George G. Kirstein, Publisher
Carey McWilliams, Editor
Victor H. Bernstein, Managing Editor
Robert Hatch, Books and the Arts

Harold Clurman, Theatre
M. L. Rosenthal, Poetry
Mary Simon, Advertising Manager

Staff Contributors: W. Macmahon Ball, Carolus, Maxwell Geismar, Harvey O'Connor, Andrew Roth, Howard K. Smith, Dan Wakefield, Alexander Werth, H. H. Wilson.

The Nation, Mar. 15, 1958. Vol. 186, No. 11

The Nation, published weekly (except for omission of four summer issues) by The Nation Company and copyright 1958, in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N.Y. Second class mail privileges authorized at New York, N. Y.

Subscription Prices Domestic—One year $8, Two years $14, Three years $20. Additional postage per year, Foreign and Canadian $1.

Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs, Information Service, Dramatic Index.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1958
VOLUME 186, NUMBER 11

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The Dulles Dilemma

None but the most complaisant pro-Soviet partisans can fail to see that in the current stage of pre-summit negotiations the Soviet foreign office is offering John Foster Dulles a gold brick, but in the manner of his rejection Mr. Dulles is, as usual, somewhat less than adroit. His cries of fraud and misrepresentation are perfectly justified, but what did he expect? As yet neither party is talking primarily to the other, but endeavoring to influence neutrals and detach allies. The Soviet maneuvers are probably better designed to squeeze some final advantages out of the preliminaries than anything Mr. Dulles has said or done so far.

Despite the Secretary's still abundant energy, the querulous, negativistic tone which has become habitual with Mr. Dulles marks him as an old man. General Eisenhower is more youthful and diplomatically outgoing, but since he leaves all the details of rebuttal and policy formation to Mr. Dulles, the good effects are fleeting. If only General Eisenhower had the virility to act as his own Secretary of State—like every strong President before him—or, failing that, if only he could exert some decisive influence on his ostensible subordinate! As it is, the world must get the impression that we have budged little from our time-worn position of waiting for the Soviet Union to collapse.

Mr. Dulles is seldom at a loss for words. If, instead of exuding self-righteousness and injury, he would hit back at the Soviets with some sensible, realistic proposals for a foreign ministers' conference, he might find himself, for once, getting a good world press. What is to stop him from spelling out the issues which the United States is willing to discuss? Could he not concede that under some conditions the United States might be willing to withdraw from its forward positions (which, when all is said and done, are much closer to the borders of the Soviet Union than any bases of the Soviet Union are to the United States) and give a hint of what these conditions might be? Negotiation is difficult and even dangerous, but since there is no alternative except war, the serious bargaining might as well begin. Whoever starts it will gain a considerable advantage in the eyes of the spectators. An impasse is something to get out of, not to remain stuck in indefinitely.

The Sick Man of Europe

Now that Turkey, with an occasional transfusion from Uncle Sam, finds herself in robust health, the appellation formerly attached to the Ottoman Empire fits France only too well. As the war drags towards its fourth year, the name of the disease is equally obvious: Algeria. Under the Gaillard Government, the prognosis is dubious, and if Robert Murphy effects an improvement it will be a greater miracle than any ever achieved at Lourdes.

If the French Right has not quite reverted to its frenzy in the Dreyfus affair, it is getting there fast (see "An Algerian *J'accuse*" on page 227 of this issue). While the United States and Britain are trying to bring Tunisia and France together, the Independents, the right wing of the Government coalition, demand a strong line toward Tunisia which would effectively dispose of Murphy's dream of a North African federation allied to NATO. The Independents are also pressing Gaillard for strong action against "defeatists" in France, which takes in everyone opposed to war *à outrance* in North Africa or favoring the slightest gesture of conciliation. Obedient to this demand, the Interior Ministry seized last week's edition of three Leftist papers: the Communist *France-Nouvelle*, *L'Express* (which generally follows the views of former Premier Pierre Mendès-France) and *France-Observateur*, banned for the second week in a row. The occasion for seizing *L'Express* was an article critical of the Algerian war by Jean-Paul Sartre, while *France-Observateur* offended with an article by the dissident Socialist André Philip, one-time Minister of Finance, at present touring the provinces in opposition to the Government.

French public opinion is supposedly inflamed against the Algerians and the Tunisians; Rightist sources picture the typical Frenchman as passionately bent on laying his life, and even his property, on the Algerian altar. But then, why is it necessary to suppress newspapers?

The answer, on the basis of modern French history, is probably that something must be done when a war is going badly and the military budget exceeds original estimates by 94.5 billion francs ($223,800,000) while cuts are being made in the non-Algerian (and there-

MAR 14 '58

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fore non-essential) parts of the budget to the tune of 76.5 billion francs.

But French history also teaches that the French Right has always overplayed its hand. M. Philip and his colleagues are being well received by liberals and non-Communist Leftists in their campaign, and M. Mendès-France is said to be hopeful of a parliamentary majority when the Gaillard coalition disintegrates. Things have to get worse before they can get better, and in France they usually have to get very bad indeed before the voice of reason can expect to be heard.

A First Step

Dr. Edward Teller has so many ideas, and is so little inclined to question their correctness, that he spreads confusion or worse wherever he goes. Thus in an article in *Life* (with Albert Latter), he leaves the impression that an agreement to stop nuclear testing is impracticable because violations would be undetectable. Dr. Hugh C. Wolfe, writing on behalf of the Federation of American Scientists to *The New York Times* (March 4) states that all nuclear tests carried on above ground have been monitored by scientists of several countries and that a limited network of monitoring stations would also detect underground nuclear explosions. The council of the F.A.S. regards an agreed cessation of nuclear testing as urgently necessary, and Dr. Wolfe makes the important point that all statements on this subject, whether pro or con, contain an element of political judgment. For the present, the contamination of the atmosphere by fission products may not be of serious magnitude, but the effects are cumulative and, far more important, the possibility of lethal radiation on a world-wide scale in the event of a nuclear war must be reckoned with. A stop to testing would make such a war less likely by putting a stop to, or at least greatly retarding, nuclear-weapons development. At the same time it would have important psychological consequences: it would be the first reversal in the arms race. It is hard to see how anyone can oppose such a beginning in the long process of moral and physical disarmament unless his preoccupation with weapons development has become an end in itself.

A Lively and Troublesome Ghost

Detroit is currently witnessing the paradox of a strong union insisting that employers use layoffs rather than the short work-week to adjust production to retail demand. U.A.W. contends that auto manufacturers have been using the short work-week of three or four days as a means of cutting back employment without tapping the funds available to pay supplementary unemployment benefits. Despite unemployment, these funds have been kept at a high level. U.A.W. even insists that plants be closed, if necessary, so that those employed may receive full paychecks rather than "share the misery" on a short work-week basis.

At the moment such a policy makes a kind of perverse sense. A laid-off worker can probably get as much or more in jobless benefits as he can earn in wages on a curtailed work schedule. Workers in one plant recently averaged only $24.75 a week, whereas if laid off, they would have collected about $57 in total benefits. But if the policy is pursued over any length of time it can be dangerous. For one thing, the effect is to drive a wedge between the high-seniority workers, who will be kept on at regular schedules, and low-seniority workers, who will be laid off. Such a policy will also create, over a period of time, a pool of permanently unemployed. Even if demand should bounce back to the level of 1955, the same volume of production could be achieved today with 70,000 fewer workers. And the union's problem, of course, will become more acute as unemployment benefits are exhausted. At the moment the shorter work-week has been shelved in favor of Mr. Reuther's profit-sharing scheme but, as one observer points out, it remains a lively and troublesome ghost in Detroit. Sooner or later, if the recession continues, the proposal to curtail the work-week at the regular forty hours' pay will return to the agenda.

Dig That Grave

The Southern opponents of desegregation continue to dig their own graves. Virginia's Prince Edward County, long a center of opposition, has been ordered by the Supreme Court (March 3) to make "a prompt and reasonable start" to end segregation. In anticipation of this decision, the local school authorities have voted to abandon public schools and have set up a private corporation, with pledges of $200,000, to operate "private" white schools. Eventually, these private, segregated schools will undoubtedly be struck down by the Supreme Court as a palpable evasion of its mandate. Prince Edward white parents will then have to tutor their children or let them run wild, for the county will be without a school system, public or private.

Already the segregationists are saying that this will be "the last session" of Virgina's public schools. But Arlington, which lies almost in the shadow of the nation's Capitol, also has been ordered to admit Negro students with the fall term. Here sentiment is less vehement than in Prince Edward County, which is in the so-called "southside" portion of Virginia. If it were not for state law, Arlington would probably elect to integrate its schools. But this town, which last year paid $9 million in taxes to the state, would have to forego $1.9 million in state aid if it elected to comply with the court's order. For as part of its "massive resistance" to racially mixed schools, Virginia denies state aid to any county which integrates its schools

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

under court order. And to tighten this prohibition, the state senate has just passed a bill which would permit the Governor to keep a school closed even if the governing body and local school board requested him to reopen it—in a word, a bill which would make closure mandatory. At this point, however, a new opposition is heard. In a remarkable dissenting speech, State Senator Armistead L. Boothe of Arlington asked his colleagues how long they thought his constituents would permit the public schools to remain closed. "Do you think," he asked, "that its 25,000 children are going to go unschooled? Do you think the schools those people built and paid for are going to stay closed, even with all the might of the Commonwealth of Virginia thrown into the battle?"

Closing public schools, if only in a few communities, will transform the integration issue into a battle for the preservation of public schools and, on this issue, the segregationists will lose. Like the man who was so afraid of dying that he committed suicide, the gravediggers of the South are driven by their fears to acts of self-destruction.

Nobel Prize Candidate

Now that the name and talent of Boris Pasternak have, as it were, eluded their political guards and made their way safely to the West (see Ernest Simmons' essay on page 235 of this issue), his world reputation is assured. It is impossible to force genius back into the bottle once it has poured forth, and the publication of the novel *Dr. Zhivago* in Europe and America will almost certainly be followed by editions of Pasternak's lyric poetry and shorter prose works.

The interest in Pasternak is not, like the interest in Djilas, tied to political circumstances; Pasternak, in fact, is not a particularly political man and will be read, not because he defies his masters, but because he encompasses them. He is, almost without question, the greatest poet living today who has not been honored with the Nobel Prize. This oversight, perhaps unavoidable until now, should be corrected at the next election. Pasternak deserves the honor, the free spirits in Russia who emulate him deserve the encouragement that recognition would give them, and the Russian dictators of creative endeavor deserve the embarrassment that the honoring of Pasternak would bring home to them.

The Movie Habit

The story is the same in England as it is here—movie attendance is off catastrophically in the past few years. Studios have cut their production way back, theatres are closing all over the lot, an era is probably over.

It was the era of the movie habit, which has now been shifted to television. The hordes who crawled out two or three times a week to see a movie and built the industry into the bizarre colossus of the 1930s, were never an audience in any rational sense of the word. They were addicts who chewed movies much as they chewed gum, and with about as much interest in the flavor. Time was their enemy, and now they can kill it more cheaply and conveniently at home.

But the end of the era does not mean the end of the movies. It might even mean the beginning. There will always be an audience for pictures that appeal to the minds, imaginations and emotions of people who recognize the screen as the great unrealized dramatic medium of our century. Pictures cannot be manufactured on the old assembly lines for such an audience, but they can be made by writers, directors and actors who work in the movies because it is the medium in which they can best express themselves. As a form of art, the movies have never advanced very far beyond the brilliant inventions of D. W. Griffith. Now that the businessmen are through with it, the artists may get their chance. Who could have predicted the present upsurge of off-Broadway theatre or the current interest in Shakespeare—the greatest in a hundred years?

Whose Right-to-Work?

Will California Negroes, a quarter of a million of whom may vote in the November election, join hands with anti-labor elements to pass a state right-to-work law? (Petitions for the Initiative are being circulated throughout the state; the proposal is expected to make the ballot.) The question is a real one, though Labor does not seem to have grasped it.

In mid-January, the state A. F. of L. called a conference against "right-to-work" legislation. Marl Young, a prominent Negro unionist, and a delegate to the conference from Musicians Local 47, summed up Negro dissatisfaction: "I sat through two days of this conference and I never once heard the subject of discriminatory restrictions based on race, as practiced by some unions, discussed. Whether the labor leaders of California want to face it or not, this practice is going to affect the votes of members of many minorities. It is going to be very difficult to convince a Negro that he should vote against 'right-to-work' legislation if he has gone through the experience of being turned down by a union because of his race."

In Arizona, a similar measure owed its success in no small part to the votes of Negro and Mexican American working people who had been unable to obtain skilled work because of trade-union Jim Crow practices. By voting for the right-to-work law, the dissenting workers explained, they were voting for freedom and progress for themselves.

The day when minority groups will accept the blank checks of a labor movement permeated with racial bigotry has, it seems, come to an end.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE PURGING of STASSEN . . by Frederic W. Collins

Washington

IT IS NOT often that the departure of one man from the government can legitimately be regarded as seriously affecting the national interest. Policy-making has become too institutionalized for that, especially in foreign affairs. It can be demonstrated, however, that in relieving Harold E. Stassen of his duties as principal disarmament officer and negotiator, the Administration has markedly downgraded its organization for handling an issue it continues officially to regard as "urgent." And if it is less easy to demonstrate that the change assures adverse consequences in the prosecution of the national purpose—which we can believe is to progress toward peace—it can surely be argued that such consequences are a probability. The departure of Mr. Stassen is an event at which this country and its allies ought to take a long, hard look.

At the outset, it should be said that the public image of Mr. Stassen is blurred by confusion between his two careers, one as a successful executive officer, the other as a tireless but conspicuously less successful party politician and seeker of elective office. Thus, the fact that his next step is to seek the governorship of Pennsylvania, despite No Trespassing signs erected in his honor by the moribund Republican organization there, has obscured the issues of national policy implicit in the termination of his White House assignment. Mr. Stassen sometimes succeeds in looking ridiculous in his political shenanigans (although he frequently is less ridiculous than he looks). Actually, that part of him has nothing to do with Harold's Other Life. He is a first-class bureaucrat and a first-class negotiator. These are the qualities the Administration now chooses to do without, and these are precisely the qualities it needs most, and nowhere more than in the immensely complex field of disarmament and its encompassing frame, which is nothing less than the whole subject of how best to conduct relations with the Soviet Union.

Beyond disarmament, and beyond the cold war, there stands still another vital question: Why did President Eisenhower permit Mr. Stassen to be forced out by Mr. Dulles? The President had great respect for Mr. Stassen, probably dating back to Mr. Stassen's contributions to the "labor speech" Mr. Eisenhower made as a Presidential campaigner before the A.F. of L. convention in New York in 1952. By the time Mr. Eisenhower was forming his Government, he had made up his mind that he wanted to use Mr. Stassen, although many of the Cabinet-designates were chilly toward him. In his various offices, including his disarmament post, he did nothing to merit the serious disfavor of the President. Even his developing differences of opinion with Mr. Dulles on basic issues of policy were of a sort Mr. Eisenhower has shown himself able to tolerate, because Mr. Stassen was a master of technical discretion, conducting his arguments within the Executive Branch, as was quite proper and even desirable, and hiding his tracks reasonably well on those occasions when he crossed the border of the Administration to smuggle his views to the outer world.

IT IS PERFECTLY clear that Mr. Stassen was forced out by Mr. Dulles, unseen by the President. There are enough solid reports now from inside the Cabinet and the National Security Council to support the assertion that increasingly, Mr. Eisenhower is permitting Mr. Dulles to act autonomously in the whole field of foreign affairs, rather than as the first agent of the President, which is the proper role of a Secretary. Mr. Eisenhower's characterization of Mr. Dulles as "the wisest and most dedicated man" he knows is a measure of the President's misconception of his own role and of the Secretary's qualities. The Stassen incident is an additional and highly significant entry in Mr. Eisenhower's accreditation of Mr. Dulles as the President of the United States for Foreign Affairs. Given the nature of the other members of the Cabinet, this status makes Mr. Dulles the dominant figure in the Government in matters of its highest concern.

The Secretary, finding the Government not big enough to hold both him and Mr. Stassen, succeeded in making it untenable for Mr. Stassen. It must be acknowledged that Mr. Stassen might have gone off to the Pennsylvania battles anyway. His ambition to be President flames as hot as ever, and Harrisburg looks like a good jumping-off place. There is reason to believe, however, that Mr. Stassen was not less than half desirous of staying on. He was interested in his mission for its own sake, and could hardly have been unaware that a stroke of success as Secretary of Peace would itself be a great recommendation for a Presidential aspirant. Had he been able to continue in the Administration somewhere in the field of foreign affairs, where he thought he could accomplish most, he might well have stayed. But everywhere he looked he saw a dead end contrived by Mr. Dulles. There was no place to go but out.

In place of Mr. Stassen, we now have James J. Wadsworth, deputy U.S. representative at the U.N., to serve as principal policy-maker and negotiator in disarmament matters "under the direction of the Secretary." To "advise" Mr. Dulles, which is quite a trick in itself, the President has appointed General Alfred M. Gruenther, General Walter Bedell Smith, Robert A. Lovett and John J. McCloy.

The demonstration that this is a downgrading of disarmament activities begins with the fact that they now take place on a lower official level, however "urgent" the State Department may allege them to be. Mr. Stassen was an Assistant to the President, reporting directly to the President, holding designation as a regular member of the National Security Council, fully informed there on highest policy, able to speak there for himself. He had no job other than

---

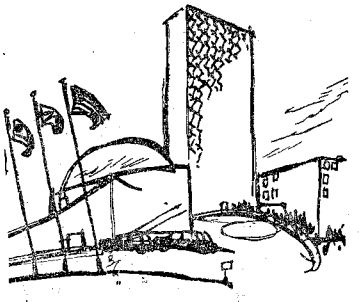
FREDERIC W. COLLINS is Washington correspondent of the Providence (R.I.) Journal-Bulletin.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

disarmament; his staff were White House officers; his White House license permitted him to hunt across all the departmental hedges. In contrast, Mr. Wadsworth will report not to the President but to Mr. Dulles; he will have no regular status in the National Security Council; his staff work will be done not by White House officers but by State Department officers beholden to Mr. Dulles in their careers; his United Nations task will claim part of his time; he can speak only through or for Mr. Dulles; and in other departments, he is just another State functionary.

Subjectively, it may be noted that Mr. Stassen is an independent cuss who carries his career in his own hands and is more than willing on any occasion to stick his neck out. Mr. Wadsworth, an estimable person, has on the other hand made a career as a subordinate, a second-echelon officer.

There have been dozens of reports that Mr. Dulles found it administratively awkward, as well as damaging to his prestige and sensibilities, to have the disarmament task carried on outside his jurisdiction. That position might have as much validity as any position premised on the aesthetics of symmetry in organization charts, except for one bothersome fact in the record. Before his jurisdiction was violated by Mr. Stassen's appointment, Mr. Dulles and his department had utterly failed on Step One in disarmament, which was to formulate an agreed position within the United States Government. When Mr. Stassen took his job in 1955, the State Department, the Defense Department and the Atomic Energy Commission had locked themselves in positions so different that not even a compromise policy could be submitted to the President for his consideration. The luster of Mr. Stassen's reputation as a negotiator is attributable in part not to his skill with foreigners, but to his elephant-hide leadership and singleness of purpose in battles with his own colleagues. Few other than those with combat ribbons from those engagements are aware of this. But when the United States presented a disarmament position to the U.N. in January, 1957, the victory was Mr. Stassen's, not Mr. Dulles'.



THIS background activity, perhaps, served to rub the wounds Mr. Dulles's personality had already suffered by reason of Mr. Stassen's exceptional energy, drive, imagination and resourcefulness. Then, as Mr. Stassen got deeper into negotiations with the Soviet Union at the London disarmament proceedings, basic differences of viewpoint between the two men became aggravated. It is useless to analyze these in terms of technical issues like package deals, inspection zones, nuclear tests and so on. The technical differences were there, but overriding them were far more fundamental differences of mood, of spirit and of judgment.

These differences were kept hidden rather successfully, although not completely. When Mr. Dulles flew to London last summer and presided at the liquidation of the disarmament meetings, the fact that Mr. Dulles and Mr. Stassen were at odds could hardly be concealed. The details did not come out in any comprehensive mass, however, until very recently, when they were given authentic expression by one of Mr. Stassen's associates, Robert E. Matteson, retiring director of the now-defunct White House disarmament staff. His text is worth studying in full. But at one point, without naming the principals, he provided his own summary of the differences between them.

As to Mr. Stassen's position:

> The first, or "relaxation of tension" policy, is one which would recognize the strength of the Soviet bloc and would do more to encourage the liberalizing tendencies within the bloc. It would accept the Soviet as an equal power and would encourage the gradual evolution of the Soviet system toward freedom.

Harold Stassen

As to Mr. Dulles:

> The . . . "increased pressure" policy, on the other hand, is one which would emphasize more the weakness of the Soviet bloc, would look toward pressuring the Soviet leadership into agreements which represent concessions by the Soviets, and would look toward striving to pressure the Soviet system into a collapse without a war.

Mr. Matteson made a stipulation, which may be accepted, that the summary is an over-simplification. He also said, quite rightly, that in every free-world capital these different concepts are in day-to-day competition in the policy-making process.

In the absence of any evidence that Mr. Stassen's viewpoint would imperil the national interest or security, it vigorously claims the right to a trial. With his departure from government, that trial is denied it, except insofar as Mr. Dulles may grudgingly adjust toward those aspects of the Stassen position which are supported by an irresistible popular opinion and by Mr. Eisenhower's own instincts (for Mr. Dulles does not wish to risk his broad autonomy by crossing up the boss unnecessarily). With Mr. Stassen's departure, too, the initiative in disarmament and in the whole formulation of policy toward the USSR largely passes from Mr. Eisenhower to Mr. Dulles, and Mr. Dulles has freed himself from the vexations of nonconformist challenge. One can only hope that all the potentials for adversity contained in this change will not be realized.

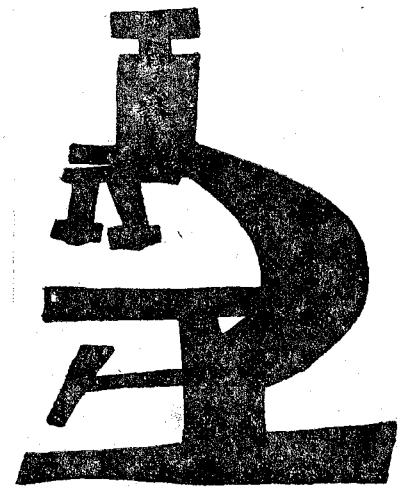
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A NEW ETHICS for SCIENCE . . *by Philip Siekevitz*

IT HAS OFTEN been said that there are two ways of looking at events, scientifically and emotionally. A witty remark, but false. It places the scientists in an impossible position, that of belonging to a new race of man. Let me try to explain how most scientists work. In each era there is present a great body of scientific work which has been "proven true" in that the facts uncovered are able to coexist in a logically consistent manner. There also exists—in the air, so to speak—a feeling of what is important, of what lines of research one should work on in order to get the most outstanding results. To be outstanding, these results should portend the solution of immediate problems and, just as important, give rise to meaningful questions. The scientist selects a problem, then, in terms of what he already knows, and he designs his experiments in order to find answers which can be readily understood.

Our scientist goes to work with enthusiasm, for he has a curious heart, being childlike all his life. He does not really care what the answers come out to be, as long as they agree with other answers and thus can be said to prove the reliability of the question. Because of this detachment, he has been called brutally cold. But this is not the point. He does not care because he is almost frantically attached to the self-contained truth which is shown by the experimental facts and results. He is fiercely partisan both in defending his way of getting at the truth and in defending his results from attack. He is so attached to this particular truth precisely because he has a burning emotional faith in the reliability of what he is doing to describe the real world (or at least the world which can be revealed to man to be real).

Of course, all of this makes for paradox: the highly rational world of experimentation rests upon nothing more nor less than an abiding faith in the rationale of the experimental approach. This faith rests upon no fact; it is based upon the proposition that man, being a part of the natural world, has precisely those thought processes which are compatible with drawing meaning from the dynamic processes of the world within and outside man. This faith is not any less in degree than that which adorns the mystic in his search for God, abides in the good man in his search for love, or perfuses the artist in his reaching for beauty. Thus the scientist is like the artist and mystic in the faith which he places in his power to describe Truth according to his own light.



WORKING in his laboratory, the scientist produces his facts from his experiment. How? He simplifies; he sets up experiments in such restricted forms as enable him to design constants and then test for variables under certain specific conditions. Because he conveniently forgets that which he knows nothing about, his system, designed for study, is an artifact not so much in that it does not exist in Nature—it undoubtedly does, in many respects—but in that it does not exist alone. In isolation, the results which he gets from his particular experiment mean nothing at all. However, every scientist works in a society of other scientists. Because a scientist, working alone on an isolated system, knows of the results of other scientists working alone on their isolated systems, he can relate his results to theirs, and thus a uniform picture is produced. Again, all this means that when a scientist predicts an event based upon facts already known, his prediction may prove to be correct only in the sense that it fits into a picture consistent with the existence of other facts. This is all that is meant when it is said that an observation proves a theory.

All the fields of science thus gain accretions of knowledge. And the system works only because of the internal consistency within the whole. The hydrogen bomb, to take a presently meaningful case, works because the facts in this case are conformable with all other facts in the field, and we can manipulate the results at will so long as each fact conforms with the basis upon which each was gathered. Now, the question as to whether the theory, or even the facts themselves, mirror the True picture of Reality, is outside the scope both of this article and of the writer's competence.

THE progression of new advances in knowledge from old theories makes a fascinating study. In most cases, there is hardly any discontinuity between the old, large body of work and the new, proven observations. However, in some cases—Newton, Darwin, Einstein, Freud—a large, discontinuous step is taken, a mutation, so to speak, a jump which rests not upon proven fact but upon assumptions sometimes several steps removed from the original observations. In such cases, it must be said, the discontinuous steps are not always so separated as they seem. There are in the air ideas, theories, assumptions, a feeling of what the future will bring. In Darwin's time, many scientists were busy with classification, with taxonomy, mostly for the purpose of creating order out of chaos. In Einstein's time, the ferment produced by the Michelson-Morley experiments exploded speculations high in the air. Under these circumstances, new observations which don't seem to fit older hypotheses

PHILIP SIEKEVITZ, biochemist, is an assistant professor at the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research.

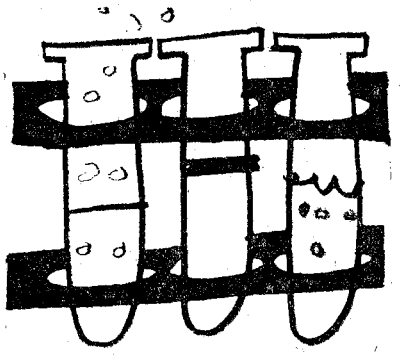
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are eagerly seized upon; some are fitted, and some are made to fit into newer theories. A feeling for the necessity for a change projects new ideas into science, and these new ideas are supported in many cases by just those observations which are outcasts from older logical systems. At this very moment there are hundreds of idle observations being dredged up which are no more than that. They are isolated, they cannot be fitted into present logical systems, and must await a new house being built for them.

Someone must build the new house, and this is the role of the genius. Like all geniuses, the scientific variety performs by means unknown. By intuition, by absorbing quandaries for months and even years, his mind suddenly becomes a fire and out of the flames a phoenix arises and a new construction is erected. Again, in this respect, the scientific genius is the same as the genius in art and in literature.

All see lights and visions which bridge the gulf between the known and the unknown. Every scientist goes through stages of brooding over some small difficulties, when suddenly, apropos of nothing, a new and striking relationship actually seems to formulate itself. It is as if, by continually bombarding our brains with our thoughts, we are forcing new, interconnecting channels; nothing connects, no currents of revelation come through until finally, of a sudden, a connection is made, and we learn, to our own surprise, of the new relationship. And let me tell you, this is a wonderful moment, worth all the months and years of a scientist's drudgery.

ALONG WHAT lines of research do scientists work? Here we come to something which, in the light of the folklore about science, seems very strange. Scientific endeavor is not so international as it has been made out to be. Of course, scientists all over the world are aware, and very quickly, of what their colleagues are doing. But this awareness of what scientists in one country are doing seems to have little effect upon the lines of research of scientists in another country. In every country, at different times and under different social conditions, science has flourished in different directions. Research has been conditioned by the milieu in which the researcher lives. Even a cursory examination of the scientific literature within the individual disciplines, in different countries at different times, will disclose a remarkable *similarity* in fields within a given country and a marked *disparity* in the same fields between



the countries. In my own field, biochemistry, I can readily tell what journals are published in what countries just by glancing at the tables of contents. While this situation is due in part to the presence of influential schools within each country, I suspect that the influence of national traits upon the paths of research is not a small matter. This should not be surprising; consider, for instance, the predominance of the English and Russians in the novel, of the French and Italians in painting. So in this respect we can speak of a Russian science and of an American science.

Now in the term milieu I include, of course, the financial support of scientists. Today it is undoubtedly true that what scientists work on is to a large degree determined by where they can find the money necessary to support their work and themselves. This was not always so. There was a time when scientific research was almost always connected with schools, and as long as the professor taught well, he was allowed to putter for his own edification. As long as the results of scientific endeavor were thought useless in terms of making money and of consolidating the power of the ruling classes, the scientists were left alone. But I emphasize that they were left alone not because they were thought to be cranks, but because their work did not fit into the social fabric of the time. It was during this time that the ethos of scientific research was laid: freedom of research, open discussion and open controversy, noninterference by non-scientists. Scientists, in short, were a self-enclosed community within the nation.

But in the last few decades, even the most knob-headed of bureaucrats have come to notice the social influences which the results of disinterested curiosity have produced. During this time the role of the scientist has changed. From an individual whose work impinged upon no one and nothing, he has become not only an active participant in society, but one who has in his power the means to change society. Unchanged are his ways in research, his goals, his ethos; but his lines of research have certainly changed. In all countries his financial support frequently comes from those who are actively interested in manipulating, for whatever purpose, the results which he can produce. In different countries, in various societies, the partitioning of this support among the various fields takes different forms. In this respect, we can talk of a democratic and a dictatorial science, of a socialistic and a capitalistic science. I think we can make this statement—indeed, make it with greater force as time goes on—despite the fact that today a good deal of scientific support still operates under the old ethos of social disinterestedness in research and in results. As the power of scientific research to change the world increases, so concomitantly will the influence of scientists over their research decrease. But more about this later.

SO HERE WE are today. I speak now mostly of this country, but what I have to say holds for Western Europe, for Russia (indeed, the prototype is the Russian scientist in his society), for China and the Far East. The realization of the political and social power deriving from scientific research is worldwide.

In a nutshell, while the motivation and the *raison d'etre* of the individual scientist have not changed ap-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

preciably in the last hundred years, the motivation of those responsible for his very existence as a scientist has changed drastically. As shown by the response to sputnik in this country, there exists a powerful realization of the potentialities which the results of scientific investigations give to those in power. This is true not only in military affairs; in agriculture, in social planning, in engineering, in medicine, there is no room left for argument as to what science can do. Thus, the scientist today no longer lives by the largesse of society; he has become an integral part of society. In a sense, he is forced to work at his trade whether he wants to or not. I do not mean only that in many ways the continuation of our present civilization depends on him. I contend also that the warring groups within society have come to realize that their continuation in power, or their aspirations for power, depend a good deal on the uses to which they can put the fruits of scientific research. Thus the scientist does not lack for positions; he has many sources of funds at his disposal, particularly if he is a physical scientist; and among the ruling groups his status is continually rising.

YET most scientists are worried today. It is only a surface reflection to say that the scientist can write his own ticket, that he ought to feel as free as he was a hundred years ago, in the Middle Ages of Research. Underneath, he knows better. He is concerned at the increasing ease he finds in getting money to support not himself and his ideas, but his work and the results-to-be. This makes him feel like a slave, and his work appear like a job for his masters. *He feels that he must produce.* This being the case, he no longer feels free to work on what he wants, but only on problems for which money is available. This pecuniary motive is more serious than you might suppose, for there are very few scientists who today can work with a shoestring and a piece of wax. The increase in knowledge has brought about an increase in techniques to gain further knowledge, and these techniques require equipment far above the average scientist's lifetime salary. At the moment, the problem is not yet critical, for today most of the money being doled out, even government money, is still in control of working scientists and not of administrative spokesmen for science. This being so, money coming from, say, a cancer-research group, is not just earmarked for cancer research, but goes to many other, seemingly unrelated, fields. We know, of course, the relevance of results in one field to those in another; and really, not too many scientists are interested in crash programs.

But how long will this situation last? Changes are already taking place; just glance at the aftermath of sputnik. Most of the money the government intends to funnel into science education and research will go into applied research, and even in basic research the heat is on for more physical scientists and engineers, to educate them, and to have them work on problems in which the government is directly interested. This is inevitable, and yet today there are still far too many scientists who would like to repeal the dictum that he who pays the piper calls the tune; they forget that no longer are they divorced from the mainstream of social change. We in this country are not yet reduced to being ruled by "Lysenkos," but in the face of the reality of the moment, in the face of the increasing demand today that scientific research be put into the service of governmental policy, who can misread the signs of danger? Already, we have the spectacle here of scientists connected with government being set up as spokesmen for the rest of us, of each government agency having its own spokesmen for the particular branch of science which interests it. I emphasize government not because of its relative wickedness *vis a vis* private control, but because most of the cornucopia is filled by the taxpayer.

OUT OF ALL this, something very peculiar is happening. Increasingly, scientists are asked to share the seats of power; and what a joke this is! Here is a group of men committed, literally, to changing facts, to altering the existing order into another more in conformity with newer revelation. Here are men who, like poets, philosophers, mystics and other miscellaneous agitators, spend their lives in search of visions. And these are the men who are being invited to participate in the very processes which insure the *status quo*—namely, those of government. Now, of course, while we scientists are all radical in our scientific outlook, we differ like other men in our social and political thoughts. Most of us, I would say, are liberal; some are conservative, some radical, some anarchist, and a very few fascist. But this is not the point. We are being invited as a group into government because we have the power to change society, and while the government bureaucrats think they can control the change, they are abysmally wrong. Just look at the example of those poor military fools squabbling in the Pentagon because their military devices are being drastically and constantly changed due to the impact of scientific technology. Some former men of power find themselves sitting on paper thrones, and they dislike it. If this goes on much longer, the whole government will be infected by the anarchy in the Pentagon.

Then, are we scientists really a Fifth Column? While at first glance this is a pleasing and refreshing prospect, there is something wrong in the picture. For the scientists are no more in control than is the government which hires and doles them out. Indeed, in the modern era, the scientists never did have any control over the application of their research. In today's world, this ubiquitous lack of control arouses ominous forebodings; ultimately, someone is surely going to seize the wheel. Here is the crux of the matter; and what can we scientists do about it, and what should we try to do about it?

Now scientists are not even much interested in seizing control at this moment precisely because they, like everyone else, prefer to cling to their old habits of work. Here and there some of us are anxious. We sign petitions to ban nuclear tests; but this demands little effort. A Society for Social Responsibility in Science

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(SSRS) is founded, consisting mostly of scientists who are pacifists and conscientious objectors. While its appeal is to the utmost in all of us, it will not reach out, for that very reason, to the great bulk of us. Moreover, its members' aim, to refrain from working on military projects, is not so easily realized as it sounds. Scientists in fundamental research have really no way of knowing exactly where their research will lead them or others. It is simple when you are in technology; you work on such and such a problem, with specified aims and consequences of easy perceptibility. But, to take an extreme example, Einstein in his mathematical researches had no idea of the atom bomb, and in such cases it is very difficult to foresee even the next year's future. Moreover, even if immoral results do appear, a scientist is loath to leave his work, knowing full well that if he does so, some other will step in.

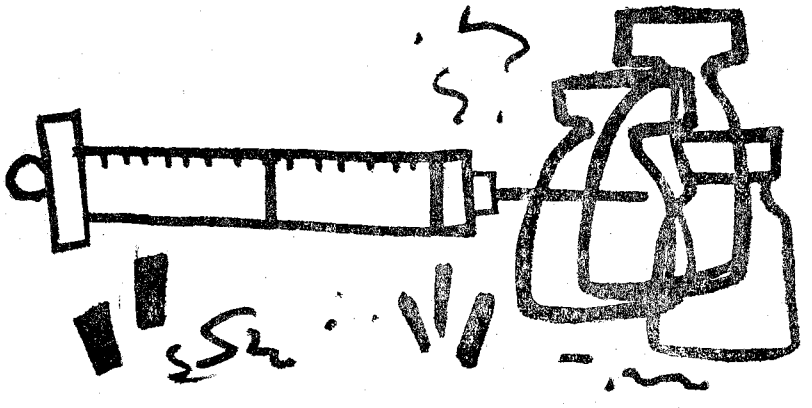
HOWEVER, the SSRS might have a point in the idea of a code, moral and ethical, for scientists. This is nothing new. When lawyers and doctors found themselves involved deeply in and with society, they set up a code of behavior. The purpose was not only to protect the practitioners from each other and from society, but also to provide a means to preserve for society the good measures which an ethical practice could give society. While a lawyer was bound to defend anyone who came to him and who confided in him in all honesty, and while a doctor was bound to care for the sick in all cases, friend or foe, there were limits within which this could be done. A lawyer, according to the code, should not use his power to defeat the purposes of the law, nor should a doctor use his power to gain control over his patients. Similar codes could be set up in scientific research, defining the aim as the search for truth, setting as the goal the individual and common good.

I must emphasize that a code for scientists should not be designed to govern society, but only to assist in the self-regulation of individuals; it would serve not for the control of research, but for the maintenance of standards. It would admonish those psychologists and sociologists who are prostituting their learning for the benefit of a greedy minority of men. These scientists should no longer be recognized as such by those who do not use their learning so that one group of men can gain control over another group. In other words, the code would try to insure that scientists keep out, as a body, from those power struggles within society which are disruptive of the democratic processes. Psychologists have no business helping some groups fashion keys for opening, surreptitiously, the pocketbooks of others. Medical scientists, chemists and bacteriologists have no business working for the special interests of some against the interests of the many. These men are no longer scientists; they are technicians in the employ of men with exclusive interests. What we need is a kind of guild system in science which would exclude such technicians from the practice of research.

All this is necessary, I think, to keep alive the ideas of disinterestedness which were formulated in the good old days when scientific research had not yet entered the power struggle of private groups and of government itself. It is necessary to preserve the integrity of scientists and the scientific method. It is necessary to insure that, as far as it lies within the power of scientists, the benefits accruing from research be spread throughout the whole nation and the whole world.

NOW WHAT about bacteriologists and biochemists working in bacteriological warfare, of chemists working in chemical warfare, of mathematicians and physicists working on hydrogen bombs, of psychologists and sociologists working on national propaganda? I must say right off that I find this situation disgraceful. The search for order and beauty in the universe, in all aspects of it, should not be put into the services of activities which degrade man, who is a portion of this universe. These activities include war. Now that I have said this, let us think about it. One of the difficulties lies in this illustration: When Einstein learned that the Nazis might be working upon perfecting an atom bomb, should he have urged upon FDR the necessity of our working on one, knowing well that we might be compelled to use it on innocent populations? You might answer that the Nazis were such beasts that we had to go to extremes to defeat them. But this is not a satisfactory answer. While we were truly horrified when the Nazis began their terror-bombing of cities, we later quickly fell into line with this philosophy. War makes beasts of us all. The American people to this day are not ashamed of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. The scientists who initially urged the building of the bomb later recanted, but it was too late. The course of the beastliness was set and no one had control, least of all the scientists.

Now, can we, should we, as scientists, assume control over the war preparations—or the lack thereof—of national states at this awful time of impending horror? First, I doubt that we could; it would take the most powerful union ever conceived to prevent scientists from being made to work for governments, particularly when the governments have convinced the peoples that their lives,



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

honor and freedom are at stake. Scientists are not un-human; they can be convinced, cajoled and forced to do things against their wills, interests and beliefs, just like anybody else. Of course, there are saints among us, but no more, proportionately, than in other groups. I am certain that many scientists working on war preparations dislike what they are doing very much, but have rationalized their actions.

The second question: should scientists set themselves up as final arbiters of national policy? Undoubtedly not. In our political aptitude, our social wisdom, in our humanity, we are neither better nor worse than other groups in the nation. I would dislike living under a regime of scientists just as much as I would under regimes of businessmen, bureaucrats or managers of any sort. While we have more power than any other group to change society, we have not the wisdom to decide alone the extent or direction of the change. Perhaps, then, it is a good thing that most scientists do not look upon themselves as members of a messianic order. Beware, fellow citizens, of scientists who offer not advice, but injunctions, particularly when these injunctions issue from those who have put their power at the service of the ruling groups in the nation.

WHAT, then, should we scientists do, individually and as a group, in this time of crisis, when we are being alternately laughed at and listened to, when we are called in graciously to sit beside the rulers and are then treated as hirelings, when we are simultaneously feared and trusted, when we are being implored to save the nation and damned for not doing so? As scientists, we find ourselves responsible—and damned—for a rapidly changing world; yet we lack the powers that should go with this responsibility. This is a great moment. As men, we are of the biological world and yet just out of it. We can decide our fate as a species. Are we capable?

Let me tell you what I think scientists should not do. We should not try to impose our "scientific" conclusions on the rest of society. We readily admit to all that we have and are deliberately taking a narrow viewpoint of the world around us. This is our limitation and at the same time it is our glory, our residence of power. And yet there are many among us who pontificate with Holy Science at our side; and unfortunately these men are being presented to the lay public as the images, the spokesmen, for the rest of us. This does not mean that scientists should not speak out on many, varied topics, just like the rest of the people, but it does mean that when they do so it should be not on any basis of "expertise" in scientific thought and methodology, but on the basis of a common humanity.

Another warning: We scientists should be careful in these times how we are identified in the public mind. I do not mean that I worry that scientists are misunderstood; the moment we scientists are liked, admired, understood, we will cease to be scientists. But we *should* worry where we stand in the class and power structure of society. I think it is a mistake, a dangerous one, to let ourselves, as a group, be identified in the public mind as part of the ruling class. We should not let ourselves be jockeyed into the position that we are on the side of the "haves," and not the "have-nots." Increasingly, we are being identified with the apparatus that keeps the *status quo*. No matter how much change takes place—and we are responsible for most of the change—nothing really fundamental has altered. We in the West are living in endless "South American revolutions." Again, except for medical research, we scientists are pictured as destroyers of life, and not only that, but as brutes who have allied ourselves with those who, pictured as benign, are willing to destroy all of us rather than permit change in the international and intranational order. Unless we are careful, events will take place which will make the nineteenth-century assault on spinning jennys and cotton gins appear like child's play. But being careful is not enough. A passive posture of innocence is not enough, nor will outrageous contempt suffice.

I think that at this moment our duty as scientists demands that we individually and collectively preach and practice a love of life, that we cherish all the universe as holy. Does our trying to take meaning from the universe make it less holy? Does our wrestling with the world make it more ugly, less good? Are we human beings not part of this world? If we can feel its goodness and its beauty, cannot our minds know truth? We scientists must constantly proclaim our revelation: that our minds, which are a part of our bodies, a part of all living things, a part of the universe, can be used to describe to their own satisfaction the workings of this universe. That because we uphold this revelation we revere that which we study; we revere all living things.

And, saying all this, let us act accordingly. We should refrain from all activities which will destroy goodness and justice, mercy and beauty, human life. By what right should we work on devices which make the world uglier, which rob men of a satisfaction in living, which shut out mercy, which make men greedy for that which belongs to others, which deny to men their most prized possession of all, their life on this earth?

However, as I mentioned earlier, this is easier said than done. I cannot answer this problem; I can only pose it. How can we scientists be sure that even our most abstruse research will not lead to evil results? But this problem confronts not only scientists, but all men. All that I can say is this: Results, good and bad, are produced by men. We scientists should do all that we can to make the fruits of our research ripen into goodness, and not sour into wickedness.

WE OWE it, not to ourselves, not even to our fellow human beings, but to our generations and generations of heritage, to our seed and all their time ahead, that each of us scientists not part company from those poets and artists, saints and mystics, in whose realm we belong, that we be allowed to see our visions, and because of the nature of these visions, that what we see be used to benefit all men.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This, then, should be our individual creed; it is a conservative one, for we wish to conserve life. And we should work in our scientific undertakings only as long as they tend to conserve life. When this no longer holds, we should get out. And we should join forces with all other groups of men who wish to conserve the beauties of life on this earth. We should work with them in society and in politics, and when we find that this is no longer possible, we should get out.

Yes, I think we scientists should join others in deciding policy in our society. For we are both revolutionaries and conservationists, and this is to the good. And if we act like true scientists and revere the world around us and within us, this is to the good. And if a group of men who love living things can become powerful and can take part in governing society, all to the good. I see no Utopia, but heaven on earth will be a little closer if we scientists do not play "footsie" with the powers that be, but project our revolutionary, life-revering ways into the political world. It might be a little difficult, taking our methodological ivory towers with us up to the barricades, but it would be fun. And because the stakes are so high, also worthwhile. How this should be done, I am not prepared to say. But we scientists, individually and collectively, should waste no time in joining other men of good will in seeing to it that a good and just life is to be had by all people on this earth. For this is a part of our creed.

NOW FOR an addendum, for which I will undoubtedly be pilloried by many of my fellow scientists. Let me throw open for discussion the suggestion that perhaps the world about us is changing too fast, and since this changing is due mostly to scientific research, then perhaps we have too much scientific research. Now there can never be too much thought and work done to provide food for all of us, health for all of us, and a reasonable satisfaction in living for all of us. But I see no logical and moral reason for thinking that the time of the next generation, and not the time of, say, the tenth generation hence, should be provided with the means to get to the moon. Nor can I see any reason why our children should be able to move around faster than we already do and be provided with more comforts than their parents had. As long as all our children in this country can have, when they grow up, enough food, enough learning, a place to live, decency and respect, why should the rest of their physical environment be any different than ours is now?

Yes, let there be research in all those fields which will provide a measure of the good things for all of us — food for our stomachs, thoughts for our heads, and a reasonable satisfaction for our souls. But as for the non-essentials in scientific research, let us call a moratorium. Our species has many, many generations left yet on this earth, and what are luxuries for one generation will be comforts for another, and yet necessities for a third. And what worth is this gain in what are essentially trivialities? Is it the worth of a sense of chaos which a rapidly changing physical and mental environment brings? As long as we have the wherewithal to see to it that all human beings on this earth can live out their appointed lives in grandeur, let us cash in on this wherewithal and bring it about, and not continue our scientific research so that a comparatively few will be provided with the appurtenances of progress, those gadgets which do indeed make for more comfort. But is it really necessary that the next generation and not the tenth generation be given these things? Perhaps before we go ahead much further and much faster, someone should really think about happiness.

AN ALGERIAN "J'ACCUSE" . . *by Nora Beloff*

Paris

THE MEN governing France today, who have hushed up so many violations of human rights, including the recent bombing of Sakiet, would be unwise to count too much on the continuing apathy of the French people. This is the same France which only sixty years ago was roused to furious protest during the *Affaire Dreyfus* for the good reason that one man had been unjustly condemned.

It is in fact just sixty years ago last month that Zola was sentenced to imprisonment for his famous pamphlet *J'accuse*, in which he had castigated, in what the court judged to be slanderous terms, the men responsible for convicting the innocent Dreyfus, and shielding the real criminal, Esterhazy.

It was the Zola trial which really marked the turning-point of the Dreyfus affair. M. Zola was found guilty, but he and his friends were "in a fair way towards proving" that it was not Dreyfus but Esterhazy who was guilty of selling military secrets to the Germans, as Colonel Picquart had so astutely discovered.

Henceforth, revising the unjust verdict was only a matter of time. A few months after Zola's trial, Esterhazy, now thoroughly discredited, went to see Rowland Strong, then the Paris correspondent of the London *Observer*, and told him that he himself had written the document on the basis of which Dreyfus had been originally convicted. He explained that he had acted in obedience to his superiors, who were "morally sure" that Dreyfus was guilty, but needed material evidence to convict him.

By September, 1899, Dreyfus had been "pardoned" and released, though it was not until 1906 that a

---

NORA BELOFF is a correspondent of The Observer (*London*).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

new trial declared his innocence and reinstated him, with the *Legion d'Honneur,* into the Army.

TODAY, SIXTY years after Zola's trial, a patent miscarriage of justice is once again being smothered by official untruths and public apathy.

Ostensibly the Dreyfus case has very little in common with the case of the twenty-two-year-old Algerian girl, Djamila Bouhired, sentenced to death last July for alleged complicity in a terrorist bomb outrage, and still waiting every day for the President of France to decide whether she shall be guillotined or reprieved.

Captain Dreyfus was loyal to France; Djamila has publicly proclaimed her loyalty to an independent Algeria. Dreyfus was tried when France was at peace; Djamila is a victim of the Algerian war.

Acts of bestial cruelty by the terrorists of the National Liberation Federation (to which Djamila admits belonging) explain, though they do not excuse, the cruelty with which F.L.N. members are treated when they fall into French hands. Djamila spent two weeks in the hands of French parachutists before being handed over to the judicial authorities. The indignities suffered by Captain Dreyfus were trivial compared with what she has suffered physically at their hands.

Nevertheless, there are many revealing points of comparison between the two trials. To begin with, both accused were tried by a military tribunal determined to convict them. Both were the victims of racial prejudice, although the anti-Semitic pressure on the judges in the Dreyfus case was much less violent than the hatred now animating the French colony in Algeria. The public benches at Djamila's trial were occupied exclusively by Europeans — Moslems were barred—who howled "Death to the assassins" before the trial began. She was defended by a young French lawyer, Maître Vergès, selected last year as the most brilliant member of his generation at the Paris bar, whose mother was Indo-Chinese and who has distinctly Asian features. When he entered the courtroom on the last day of the trial he, too, was greeted by racial insults, with the cry: "*A mort le sale Chinois.*" Vergès asked the President whether this was a military tribunal or a meeting of assassins, and received a reprimand for "contempt of court."

IN BOTH cases there were "reasons of state" for finding the culprit guilty —and a stigma of treachery on those who challenged the verdict. In both cases weak coalition governments needed a verdict to satisfy a wobbly parliamentary majority. In both cases the prosecution produced only the flimsiest evidence—in the first Dreyfus trial, only a single document, secreted in the German Embassy and wrongfully alleged to be in Dreyfus' handwriting; in Djamila's case, only the self-contradictory evidence of an hysterical co-detainee, Djamila Bouazza, whom the court refused to have examined by a psychiatrist.

In both cases the counsel for the defense was not allowed to see the principal document for the prosecution. In Djamila's case the court, on the last day of the trial, suddenly produced an alleged signed confession which had not been in the magistrate's dossier. In the case of Dreyfus, the military judges were secretly shown hostile personal reports on Dreyfus, written by senior officers bent on obtaining his conviction, and which the defense counsel never saw at all. Both victims were wrongly declared to have confessed.

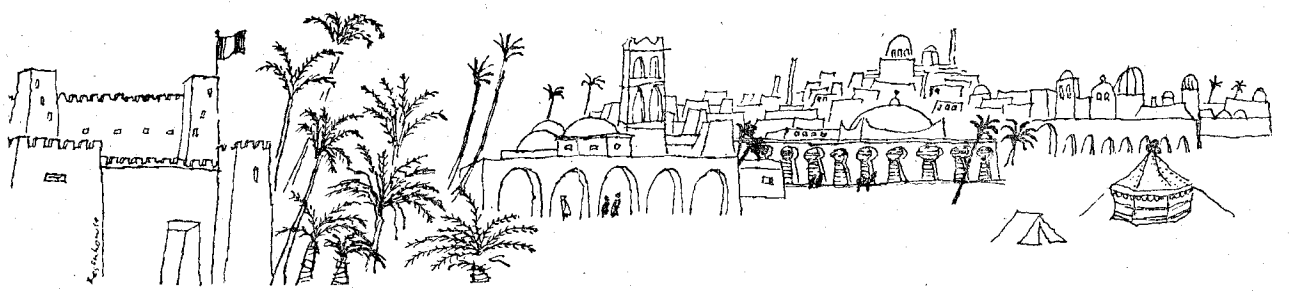
It has been said that "a lie can never be young but once," and in both cases the initial little lie required an increasingly complicated series of distortions and contradictions to keep it alive and growing. In both cases cabinet ministers staked their honor on the verdict in parliament.

General Cavaignac, then Minister of Defense, told the French Assembly, "I am completely certain of Dreyfus' guilt." M. Lacoste, the French Minister-Resident in Algeria, has equally committed himself, and he even told the Assembly that Djamila had confessed in court—an untruth to which over a hundred people present at the proceedings could have testified.

Again in both cases, the French Army was desperately trying to preserve its reputation after suffering serious defeats. After the verdict against Zola, a German newspaper unkindly commented that this was the first victory of the French Army since its defeat in 1870-71. This time not only 1940, but also the retreats from Indo-China, Morocco and Tunisia have made the Army sensitive of its "honor."

Both Dreyfus and Djamila found a well-known writer to publicize their cases. Georges Arnaud (author of *The Wages of Fear*) has not the international stature of Zola, but he has been a best-selling novelist in France, and his pamphlet, *Pour Djamila Bouhired*, published by *Les Editions de Minuit*, is no less passionate than Zola's famous *J'accuse.*

Yet it has to be admitted that despite real anxiety among many brave and thoughtful Frenchmen, there has so far been nothing like the same explosion over this second travesty of justice. After Zola's pamphlet, the government was forced to hold an embarrassing public trial. Georges Arnaud had also hoped for a trial which would expose the irregularities of the Djamila case, but there was so little public excitement that the present government was able to pre-



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tend that it had not noticed the intentional provocations.

The Zola trial was followed by a series of dramatic events. Major Henry, who had forged a letter from the Italian Military Attaché clearly incriminating Dreyfus, was exposed, arrested and committed suicide. The Chief of Staff and Minister of Defense resigned.

The Djamila trial has been accepted as just one more episode in the long repression of the Algerian nationalist insurrection. The lies required to cover up the facts of this single case are only a minor part of the vast edifice of double-talk and distortion, necessary to enable the government to out-terrorize the terrorists, and at the same time to soothe French opinion with lullabies about "pacification" and the French "civilizing mission."

There is, however, one important difference. During the Dreyfus affair, the case for putting order above justice "in the interest of the state" was widely accepted by the Roman Catholic Church. Today, on the contrary, *La Croix*, the principal Catholic daily, which was violently anti-Dreyfusard in the 1890s, has helped to awaken the Catholic conscience to the moral responsibilities of acquiescence in the more criminal aspects of the "pacification" policy.

On the other hand, despite M. Arnaud's efforts, the reaction of the French Left has been curiously flabby. It is true, no doubt, that human sensibility has been blunted by the colossal slaughter of innocent men and women during the last war. A generation that has known Buchenwald and Hiroshima has, perhaps, become less squeamish about human suffering.

But the French Left has been particularly affected by Marxist ideology, which ridicules bourgeois concepts of human liberties, while the French Communist Party, which has taken over the most dynamic sectors of the French labor movement, has disciplined its adherents into accepting the totalitarian practices of the Soviet bloc.

Those on the Left who have inherited the Jaurès-Blum liberal tradition are so busy preserving their troops from this Communist attraction that they have little time or energy to fight any but anti-Communist battles. Too many use their indignation about the Russian oppression in Hungary as an excuse for closing their eyes to the faults of French rule in Algeria.

Of course, even in the liberal era it took a long time and some very damning evidence before the public reacted effectively against the injustice of the Dreyfus affair. It was only when the real culprit was revealed and the Henry forgeries were exposed that the landslide in public opinion began. In the Djamila case, the reciprocal terrorism of the French and the F.L.N. makes it virtually impossible for the real criminal in the bomb outrage to be discovered.

None the less, it now seems possible that the French will begin to see for themselves the difference between the facts of what is happening in Algeria and the official myth of "pacification." Professor D. W. Brogan, who is one of the greatest living authorities on the Dreyfus affair and a leading specialist on France, has suggested that the Sakiet air attack may rank historically with the exposure of the Henry forgeries as the beginning of the end of a concerted politico-military attempt to keep the public from knowing the truth.

Not since 1898, when Major Henry committed suicide and the French Chief of Staff resigned, has there been such a devastating unmasking of official untruthfulness. The day the bombers flew over Sakiet the War Ministry in Paris announced that no children had been killed: the next day French journalists saw children's bodies. The communiqué said that only military targets were hit: the French newspapers carried photographs of a school, homes and shops in ruins.

The tragedy of Sakiet and the ordeal of Djamila will have served a purpose if they help the French to see how their government is transforming France, in Western eyes, from an ally into an encumbrance.

GUILTY or INSANE? A New Test.. *Manfred S. Guttmacher*

FOR MORE THAN a century, the rules laid down by English judges following the acquittal, on grounds of insanity, of a mad Scot named Daniel M'Naghten, who had been charged with murder, have formed the controlling test of criminal responsibility in this country, as well as in England. Today this ancient legal bastion is under heavy assault and shows signs of crumbling.

The chief of these rules states:

> To establish a defense on the ground of insanity, it must be clearly proved that, at the time of committing the act, the party accused was laboring under such a defect of reason, from disease of the mind, as not to know the nature and quality of the act he was doing, or, if he did know it, that he did not know he was doing what was wrong.

This rule, laid down in 1843, forms the chief element in the legislative statutes and court decisions that constitute the law of insanity in criminal cases in forty-seven of our states. The little, rugged state of New Hampshire alone has stood firm against its adoption. To this so-called "knowledge of right and wrong" test, seventeen states have added another: the "irresistible impulse" rule.

The outstanding early leader in legal psychiatry in this country, Dr.

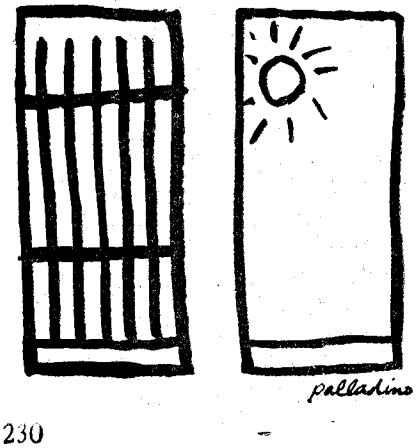
MANFRED S. GUTTMACHER, M.D., is chief medical officer of the Supreme Bench of Baltimore and a member of the Committee on Medical-Legal Problems of the American Medical Association.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Isaac Ray, protested against the M'Naghten Rules soon after they were formulated. Some years later, he was joined in their condemnation by his British counterpart, Dr. Henry Maudsley, who spoke of "the scorn and indignation felt by those who observe with impatience, the obstinate prejudice with which English judges hold to the absurd dictum, which has long been discredited by medical science."

In attacking the M'Naghten Rules, Dr. Ray, a New Englander, professed two guiding principles: (1) that the manifestations of mental diseases were so inconstant and uncertain that no legal definition or test of universal applicability could be devised and (2) that there are forms of mental disease in which the intellect appears to be intact, but the patient is a victim of emotional forces beyond his control. His argument fell on fertile soil in the rugged mountain state of New Hampshire, where at the time three men of unusual ability, Justices Doe, Ladd and Perley, were exercising leadership in the law. In 1868, Judge Doe wrote to Dr. Ray:

> ...I think the common law is as follows: It does not recognize "only a certain kind or degree of insanity as having any legal consequences"; it recognizes insanity as disease, and so far as contracts and crimes are governed by the common law, they cannot be produced by disease of the mind. Whether, in any particular case there is mental disease, and, if there is, whether a certain transaction is a product of the disease, are questions of fact for the jury and not of law for the court. The court can only instruct the jury that a product or an offspring of mental disease is not a contract or a crime.



Out of this medical and legal collaboration, a type of conjoint effort that unfortunately occurs rarely, was born the New Hampshire rule, i.e., that a defendant is exculpated if at the time of the offense he was suffering from a mental disease and the alleged criminal act was a product of the disease.

THE CHIEF M'Naghten rule has been assailed by leaders in psychiatry throughout the century of its existence, and especially during the last two decades. Polls of psychiatric opinion in this country and in Canada show that today condemnation is almost unanimous. As the chief element in the determination of legal insanity, it is considered to be unrealistic. The fact is that the majority of patients in institutions for the insane can make ethical judgments accurately. This is a phenomenon of mental life which is not considered in the day-to-day work of psychiatrists. Many of them feel that ethical judgments are outside their special competence, which is to determine the presence or absence of mental disease and its effects on the behavior of the individual.

Among the leaders of the law, on the other hand, there are many staunch defenders of "the right and wrong" test. Some, of course, base their stand on the fact that the rules have served us well; they see no need for innovation. Others, more thoughtful, support the test because they believe that it gives the jury "something definite to hold onto." They observe that the M'Naghten Rules are not intended to serve as diagnostic criteria of mental disease. In their opinion, the rules serve to pick out those offenders whom the threat of punishment would not deter, and for whom punishment would be neither humane nor serve as a deterrent to others. Recently several able men have made skillful modern translations of the M'Naghten Rules and of the "irresistible impulse" rule. Even so, they have failed to meet the basic objections.

Legal criticism of the M'Naghten Rules has not been wholly lacking. Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, the great nineteenth-century English authority on criminal law, stated that the rules, if strictly interpreted, totally disregarded emotion and will. More than twenty-five years ago, Supreme Court Justice Cardozo described the rules as "paltering with reality." Professors Sheldon Glueck of the Harvard Law School and Henry Weihofen of the Law School of the University of New Mexico have published scholarly works on the relationship of mental disorder to the criminal law; in both works the M'Naghten Rules are unequivocally condemned.

The first official breakthrough, heralding a change, came in a dissenting opinion by Judge John Biggs of the U. S. Court of Appeals in 1950, in which he boldly declared the rules to be obsolete and said that if legislatures would not discard them, the courts should do so.

This was followed by the report of the British Parliamentary Royal Commission on Capital Punishment, published in 1953, which concluded "that the test of responsibility laid down by the M'Naghten Rules is so defective that the law on the subject ought to be changed." When the Commission was taking testimony in this country, Mr. Justice Frankfurter expressed himself with utmost forthrightness:

> ...The M'Naghten Rules were rules which the Judges... formulated in the light of the then existing psychological knowledge.... If you find rules that are, broadly speaking, discredited by those who have to administer them, which is, I think, the real situation, certainly with us —they are honored in the breach and not in the observance—then I think the law serves its best interests by trying to be more honest about it. ...I am a great believer in being as candid as possible about my institutions. They are in a large measure abandoned in practice, therefore I think the M'Naghten Rules are in large measure shams. That is a strong word, but I think the M'Naghten Rules are very difficult for conscientious people and not difficult enough for people who say, "We'll just juggle them."... I dare to believe that one ought not to rest content with the difficulty of finding an improvement in the M'Naghten Rules....

THESE EVENTS set the stage for the entrance of Monte Durham,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

whose name is destined to go down into legal history not because he was a great jurist, but because, through a quirk similar to that experienced by M'Naghten, he was involved, at a certain moment in social progress, in a criminal act. He was convicted in a court in Washington, D.C., of breaking into the Georgetown residence of Donald Hiss, a brother of Alger Hiss. When the police surprised him in the house, he made no resistance, but was found crouched in a corner, holding an undershirt in front of his face. Although only twenty-three years old, he had a long history of imprisonment and hospitalization. Before he was twenty, he had attempted suicide and had been hospitalized at St. Elizabeth's. A year later, while serving a sentence for auto theft, his behavior was so abnormal that he was brought before the Municipal Court for a lunacy inquiry, where a jury found him to be of unsound mind. This time he was in St. Elizabeth's for more than a year; the diagnosis was "psychosis with psychopathic personality." Soon after discharge, he passed bogus checks and was returned by a jury to the mental hospital, where on this occasion he was diagnosed as "without mental disorder, psychopathic personality."

It was two months after this latest discharge that he was caught in the house-breaking case. According to his mother and the psychiatrist who examined him a month after his third hospital discharge, and one month before the house-breaking, he had again developed hallucinations. After his arrest on this charge, he was committed to St. Elizabeth's for the fourth time and was given sub-shock insulin treatments. After sixteen months, he was returned to court for trial and was convicted of a felony. His conviction was appealed by his extraordinarily competent attorney, Abe Fortas, who had been appointed by the court to represent him. On July 1, 1954, Judge David Bazelon, sitting with Judges Edgerton and Washington of the U.S. Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia, rendered the opinion granting a new trial on appeal.

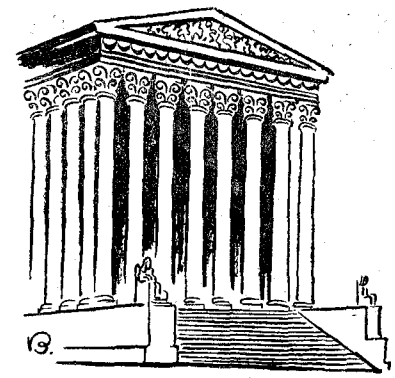
The opinion contains a scholarly review of some of the more important psychiatric writings on the tests of criminal responsibility. It rejects the M'Naghten Rules and the "irresistible impulse" rule in favor of the old rule of New Hampshire: If the defendant is found by the jury to be suffering from a diseased or defective mental condition at the time he committed the criminal act charged, and if the jury finds that this act was the product of the abnormal mental condition, he is to be found not guilty by reason of insanity. In reaching its decision, the judge stated, the jury may consider whether the accused knew the difference between right and wrong or whether he acted under the compulsion of an irresistible impulse, but it is not constrained to use *only* these criteria, nor any other narrowly constrictive formula, in reaching its verdict.

SO FAR the Durham decision has been accepted in only one court of review, the Supreme Court of Minnesota, in an extraordinary case which was a civil and not a criminal action.

Mr. Justice Douglas, in an address in 1956, applauded the Durham decision, declaring that its great significance lay in that the broad test adopted enabled the psychiatrist to testify in his own language and to give evidence relevant to the standards known to him. "He is at last free to advise the court and the jury concerning the totality of the accused's personality and condition."

I am in full agreement with this analysis. The spirit and the content of Judge Bazelon's opinion express a sympathetic awareness of the difficulties under which the conscientious expert carries out his function. The opinion aims to have presented to the court and jury a full and objective portrayal of the mental condition of the accused and to do away with the pettifoggery and obscurantism that have often characterized trials in which there was a plea of insanity.

There have been many Cassandras predicting a rash of insanity verdicts in trials conducted under the Durham rule. To be sure, this had not been the experience in New Hampshire during the century that the rule had been in force there. But



the good people of that state are not given to murder, and it is chiefly in capital cases that the insanity plea is made.

Fortunately for our immediate purpose, the city of Washington does not suffer under such a handicap. The United States Attorney has furnished me with statistics which show that from 1952 to 1955, the three-year period before the Durham rule became effective, 0.8 per cent of felony trials resulted in verdicts of not guilty by reason of insanity. In a similar period since the rule has become effective, the percentage has increased to 1.6 per cent. Such an increase is not sufficiently momentous to lead to the conclusion that the Durham rule threatens to undermine the criminal law, or that it inspires the susceptible to become felons.

FOR TWO years the University of Chicago has been studying the jury system experimentally. In St. Louis and Chicago, juries have been called together in their regular tour of jury duty and have had excerpts from the transcript of the Durham trial played for them from a tape recording. After hearing the evidence as played back to them in this fashion, half of the juries were instructed by the judge according to the M'Naghten Rules and the other half according to the Durham rule. Of the ten juries using the old M'Naghten test, seven brought in a verdict of not guilty by reason of insanity, one a guilty verdict and two failed to reach an agreement. Surprisingly, under the Durham rule, only four juries found the defendant insane, three reached guilty verdicts and in three instances the juries failed to reach agreement.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I do not wish to convey the impression that the Durham rule is ideal, but I do feel that better justice can be achieved under it than under the M'Naghten Rules, or even under the translations with amendments which have been proposed.

One of the chief difficulties with the Durham rule is the achievement of unanimity among experts as to what constitutes mental disease. A second difficulty is to prove that a certain specific action was the product of the mental disease.

The necessity of arriving at a definition of mental disease is no greater nor more difficult in cases tried under Durham than in those tried under M'Naghten, since in cases tried under the latter, the existence of mental disease is a *sine qua non*. The dividing line between health and significant morbidity is admittedly more tenuous in psychiatry than in other branches of medicine, and yet even in medicine there are many uncertainties.

THE GREAT area of uncertainty in psychiatry is how to classify the character-disorders— the conditions that used to be termed "psychopathic states." Dr. Cleckley, who has written illuminatingly on this group of disordered personalities, maintains that they are less able to conform to society's rules than are many psychotics. The 1952 revision of nomenclature, published by the American Psychiatric Society, includes the sociopathic states and related disorders among mental diseases.

Many legal writers maintain that all recidivists can be put into this category. This is not true. The character-disorders have distinctive characteristics. Certainly there will be some borderline cases in which differentiation will be difficult. And one must admit that the inherent difficulties are sufficiently great that they can be readily exploited by counsel in our adversary method of trial. This can, to a great degree, be obviated by having the court, in difficult cases, call in skillful mental experts to advise the jury.

ONE OF the basic difficulties is that the staffs of our psychiatric hospitals do not welcome the commitment of cases with character-disorders to their institutions. Such patients are often trouble-makers and present real problems in hospital discipline. Moreover, they are not responsive to the usual forms of therapy available in the hospital.

Maryland has met this situation by its new Defective Delinquent Statute. Individuals showing a persistent tendency to become involved in dangerous delinquent behavior and who, on study after conviction of a crime, are found to be sociopaths, are committed under indeterminate sentence to a special institution directed by a psychiatrist and staffed by psychiatrists, psychologists and social workers. Many of the so-called sexual psychopaths fall into this category of offenders.

Perhaps in jurisdictions in which the Durham rule is used, and where institutions of this type are established, commitment can be made to such an institution in appropriate cases and in the other cases to the more usual type of mental hospital.

THIS author is unable to grasp the full impact of the criticisms of the Durham rule based on the alleged difficulty in proving that an act was a product of mental disease. This must be an instance of the semantic difficulties that exist in interdisciplinary efforts. Every day physicians are called upon to decide whether certain signs or symptoms are caused by certain pathological conditions; this appears to call for a similar type of decision.

One of the attributes falsely ascribed to the M'Naghten Rules is that they offer a clear and concrete measuring standard for the jury. This is illusory. Literally reams of disputations have been published on the real meaning of the rules—whether "right" refers to moral or legal right, whether "nature and quality of the act" means merely its physical nature, etc.

Today there are official legislative committees considering statutory changes in the definition of criminal responsibility in New York, Maryland, Massachusetts and elsewhere. This is a manifestation of a generalized, restless dissatisfaction throughout the whole field of criminology. Our crime rates, particularly the amount of recidivism, is convincing evidence that radical changes must be made.

ORPHANS of the BIG TOP . . *by Marian Murray*

Sarasota

WHEN THE Greatest Show on Earth takes to the road from its winter quarters here on March 20, posters will proclaim, as always, that it is "bigger and better than ever." The posters will be even more mendacious than usual. The foundations of the once great and beloved circus are crumbling.

With the accent thrown more and more on cheesecake, the quality of Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey has been deteriorating for many seasons. At this moment John Ringling North, president, his brother Henry, vice-president, and Arthur Concello, executive director, are facing a minority stockholders' suit demanding their ousting and an accounting of corporation funds. Reports of successful bookings since April, 1957, are undependable fabrications; having abandoned the tent, the show has lost its charm for many hundreds of thousands. Worst of all, the performers, without whom there can be no circus, are bitterly resentful of working conditions under which they are pitilessly exploited.

MARIAN MURRAY, author of Circus! From Rome to Ringling *and other books, has recently completed another manuscript on the circus, soon to be published.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

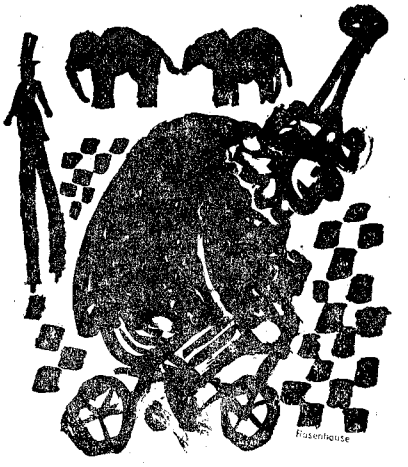
The immediate future seems moderately predictable; the regimen set up for 1957 will continue this year. There will be no menagerie and no side show except in New York and Boston. Last year, after those big dates, only half the show went on the road; this year, a larger percentage *may* continue. Performances will be given again in auditoriums and stadiums. If last year's pattern is followed, the show that once traveled in more than a hundred of its own cars will rent three baggage cars for elephants and horses, plus one day-coach for performers and another for workmen. Props will be trucked across country.

Most of the performers will go in their own cars or trailers. A few will get transportation at company expense. Contracts will not be signed until just before the show leaves. Though supposedly those contracts will call for eight months' work, it looks as if a nasty joker, introduced last year, will still be included—a clause calling for pay on a *pro rata* basis. In other words, no performance, no pay.

THE present plight of Barnum & Bailey's performers dates back to July 16, 1956, when John Ringling North closed the show in mid-season, sent it back to Sarasota, and announced that it would no longer travel under canvas. North was undoubtedly concerned with retrenching and cleaning house; the circus personnel had their own problems. Those who had homes in Sarasota returned here. Unfortunates brought recently from Europe, stranded and broke, waited dazedly for help in getting home. As soon as it became certain that the show would go out again in the spring of 1957, albeit in a different manner, those who could rejoin the show did so. Many of them later wished they hadn't.

The 1956 retrenchment was the culmination of a series of changes over four years, during which North had been replacing experienced circus executives with men who didn't know a quarter pole from a bull hook. Art Concello, manager for a decade, was fired in 1953. Ronald Butler, general press agent for thirty-two years, left in 1954. Three other top executives left in 1955. Michael Burke, a former Army OSS man, became executive director; Rudy Bundy, a Sarasota band leader, superintendent of the gate. Press relations were eventually left with Zac Freedman, who had done promotion for Broadway shows.

Huge salaries were paid to new top men. It is reported that in 1956



an auditor and nineteen assistants, each getting at least $100 a week, on the road took care of matters previously handled by two men. Enormous sums were expended on elaborate costumes and fripperies. The average wage of the 325 performers was then $61, to which must be added transportation, food and lodging. Advertising methods and media were changed, while press tickets (which had flowed generously since the earliest circus days of P. T. Barnum) were handed out sparingly and, worse, grudgingly.

BURKE is quoted as saying that in 1955 the show drew 1,900,000 persons and grossed $6,000,000, yet failed to make a profit. It was, he said, "full of anachronisms and outmoded practices," a "Model T business" which he was trying to adapt to the jet age. True, perhaps, but not in the sense he meant.

There was talk about discouraging gambling and graft. But gambling and graft have tainted almost all circuses, and there have always been ways for employees to steal from management. But after Ringling oldtimers were fired, opportunities multiplied. Experienced circus men expected, for example, that underpaid ushers occasionally would exchange a general admission seat for one in a reserved section, asking a cut rate and pocketing the difference. But in the old days, when the reserved-ticket booth was inside the big top, the practice was limited. Now the booth has been moved out front, and results horrified even the initiated. During the 1956 season, ushers openly ballyhooed their wares. At the final engagement in Pittsburgh, it is said on good authority, there was a full house that should have brought in $22,000, yet only $12,000 or so went into the till.

Difficulties had pursued the show from the moment it started out in March, 1956. There were labor conflicts with the American Guild of Variety Artists (representing the performers), and with the International Brotherhood of Teamsters. Elephants stampeded; cars were derailed; wind tore the big top; bad weather put a crimp in the schedule; programs were hours late in starting; artists fell in the ring and were injured. Finally, on July 15, ten employees were injured on the train, and five more while putting up the show. None of this was unusual, but the newcomers didn't know how to cope.

ALTHOUGH few in the know were very much astonished when the show closed before the end of the season, everyone was profoundly shocked at the way it was done. While performers and workmen were at supper in the cookhouse tent after the Pittsburgh matinee, a minor official announced that the evening show would be the last. Afterward, the train would leave for Sarasota. Anyone who wanted to ride on it might do so. Thus coldly and without warning, the performers' world was brought crashing down. Workmen might get other jobs, but for the artists the circus is a way of life, and the only one they know. Despite paralyzing shock and worry, they went into the big top and gave their best.

Almost everyone boarded the train. Many performers had their children with them. It had been customary, of course, for the show to supply food en route, so the cookhouse steward offered to put onto the train what

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he had on hand. Some higher-up told him to forget it. In most cars there was nothing to eat until the train reached Washington, when performers rushed out to put in a supply. Roustabouts, broke as usual, had no food during the three days' trip to Sarasota.

North now found himself in even deeper hot water. Seven suits for debts totaling more than $16,500 were filed in August. In December, AGVA, which in May had filed suit for unfair labor practices, held a mass meeting in Sarasota attended by representatives of 155 acts, which endorsed protests. On January 31, 1957, circus minority stockholders, known as the Forty-Niners, demanded an accounting. On September 6, they filed suit for $20,000,000, insisting that the Norths and Concello be ousted.

NORTH HAD recalled Concello in October, 1956, naming him executive director. Many had heaved sighs of relief, for no one has ever denied that Concello is a very smart businessman who knows the circus. His immediate problem was to undo the blunders of interim management, cut expenses where he could, and get the show ready for 1957, when it would play indoors and under the sky. At last the show dribbled forth. Because company sleeping-cars were gone, featured acts slipped away in their own trailers—paying all their own expenses except gas (for which they received three cents a mile). Less important acts and the "generally useful" (who help wherever required) got transportation—in sit-up cars—but paid for all food, hotel bills, taxis to and from the lot, and other incidentals. Only a few midgets and dwarfs were employed—for the "spectacle." This was a stunning blow to the human oddities, who had assumed that business would be as usual. When the blow fell, it was too late for them to get a job with another circus.

Before 1957, contracts had always called for a "season's" work, with the understanding that a season meant six or seven months. Now the best contract was for fourteen weeks, with a guarantee of only seventy days' work. The company had an option to renew and, naturally, employees expected it to do so. The character of the guarantee joker was still hidden.

Minimum wages were set at $85 a week, with certain welfare benefits obtained through AGVA. But the harshness of the new regime soon became apparent. It was traditional for circus people to pay for board and room in New York and Boston. The real troubles began after Boston. Performers found themselves working only four, three, or even two days a week—and being paid only when they worked, while their unaccustomed expenses went on. When they had traveled on the company train and been fed in the cookhouse tent, they were assured, at least, of bed and board for the season. But in 1957, the "generally useful" often slept on floors of rented rooms, in dressing-rooms, or even on auditorium seats. And nights on sit-up trains were something less than ideal for those whose stunts require strong, steady nerves.

THE FIRST batch of options was dropped in Boston. More went by the board at the end of the first fourteen weeks. A few acts quit voluntarily. When the show finally arrived back here last month, having been gone almost a year, few of those who had stuck it out had made more than expenses. Many had gone into debt. Old-timers say that it was, in every way, the worst season they ever knew. On the whole, personnel had received pay for scarcely more than half the time they had been on the road.

On February 15, the performers held a meeting with AGVA, presenting their complaints, and a new form of contract was optimistically outlined. Little hope was offered for abolishment of the *pro rata* clause. The "generally useful" are asking the munificent sum of $5 for each nonworking day, and also for transport by buses with sleeping facilities. Acts going by trailer ask that the gas ration be raised from three to seven cents per mile.

IT IS certain that many performers abhor the idea of going out again with Ringling, unless conditions are drastically changed. But opportunities for their unique skills are limited. Not every clown can get a job with a baseball team, as Emmet Kelly did with the Dodgers.

Circus folk have always been a close-knit fraternity, passing on their skills from generation to generation. In some instances, their heritage goes back literally to the Middle Ages, when their ancestors were traveling mountebanks roaming the highways and byways of Europe. The children continue to be taught circus skills, but more and more of them are insisting on going into other fields. Circus life, they say, is becoming too much of a gamble, and many of their parents are beginning to agree with them. This state of affairs certainly will have an effect on the future of the American circus.

Perhaps one answer to some of the current difficulties of Ringling Bros. is for the show to go back to canvas. The American people have loved the circus for almost 200 years, and like best to see it under tents. The tenting circus is far from dead, despite North's pronouncement two years ago; this year there will certainly be more than twenty tent shows, large and small, meandering through the country. There are those who think that the Big One might make a success with a European-style tent seating up to 10,000.

Despite present shocking mismanagement, Ringling is still the greatest of all circuses, and its name is still magic. For it to collapse would be a real tragedy. But many feel that it cannot survive without a strong injection of common sense, mixed with a little humanity.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS and the ARTS

The Independence of Pasternak

Ernest J. Simmons

WHEN I met Boris Pasternak in the Soviet Union years ago, he was slender, of middle height, and his face, with its high cheekbones and staring eyes, bore a pained, neurasthenic expression. He was even then regarded by a few critics of discrimination as the greatest poet to emerge from the Soviet Revolution. However, in 1943 Alexei Tolstoy, in a comprehensive review of twenty-five years of Soviet literature, did not even mention Pasternak's name.

Neither a Communist nor a socialist realist, this "poet's poet," as Mayakovsky called Pasternak, has for years gone largely unread in his own country, and in the West he has been at best the muted idol of several little magazine critics and a few specialists in Russian literature. Now this gray-haired poet of sixty-eight, because of one of those typical backfires in Soviet literary controls, has suddenly achieved the wide recognition that has been denied him. The manuscript of a long novel, *Dr. Zhivago,* which for months had been vainly going the rounds of Soviet book and magazine editors, found its way to an Italian publisher in Milan (one report has it that Pasternak sent a copy of the manuscript to Italy in the conviction that the book was about to appear also in the Soviet Union). Officials of the Union of Soviet Writers quickly sprang into action. They proclaimed that the novel could not be published in its original form, and they prevailed upon Pasternak to wire the Milan publisher to return the manuscript for revision. The Soviet Embassy in Rome also put pressure on the foreign publisher, but to no avail. *Dr. Zhivago* has appeared in an Italian translation. Versions are due in France, Germany and England, and an American publisher will issue it here this spring. Many newspapers and magazines in the West have carried the story. In short, the conspiracy of silence, which has all but entombed the greatest Soviet poet for so many years, has now exploded into international fame for Pasternak.

What manner of man and artist is Boris Pasternak? And what is his literary position in the Soviet Union? He was born in Moscow in 1890. His father was the well-known painter Leonid Pasternak, who illustrated some of Leo Tolstoy's works, and his mother was an accomplished musician. Brought up in this cultured household, the boy Pasternak first decided on music as a career, for he was much influenced by his mother and the famous composer Scriabine, an intimate friend of the family. Music later dominated the verbal patterns of his verse, but precocious musical composition gave way to philosophy in Pasternak's student days at Moscow University and at Marburg, in 1912, under the great Professor Cohen. Pasternak remained in Germany, except for a short stay in Italy, until the outbreak of the First World War.

EVEN before his experiences abroad Pasternak had begun writing poetry; a small volume, *A Twin in a Cloud,* appeared in 1913. Two more books followed (*Over the Barriers,* 1917, and *My Sister Life,* 1922), and with the publication of *Themes and Variations,* in 1923, he was regarded as an outstanding poet in those early revolutionary years when art had not yet been completely subordinated to political ideology. Then, in his only sustained concession to the social commands of the day, he turned his back on subjective lyricism and wrote two long narrative poems—*Spektorsky* (1926), a series of episodes in the life of a young contemporary Moscow intellectual, and *The Year 1905* (1927), a fragmentary presentation of events in that year of revolution. Despite brilliant passages, both narrative poems are failures, a fact which Pasternak seemed to recognize, for he never attempted this genre again. In his next volume, *The Second Birth* (1932), he returned to the pure lyric.

LONG before World War II, however, Pasternak's earlier fame had been dimmed. No doubt the difficulty of his verse had something to do with this in a state whose leaders now demanded that all art must appeal to the masses. More significant, perhaps, was the fact that Pasternak refused to run with the literary herd or to prostitute his muse to socialist realism. (On the other hand, the difficulty of his poetry and his aloofness from controversial themes may help to explain why he was tolerated at all in the purge years). Collected editions of his works in the thirties were largely ignored or when noticed were criticized for the opaqueness of the poetry and its remoteness from the propagandized themes of the day. The same treatment was accorded two books of verse during and at the end of the war, *On Early Trains* (1943) and *The Terrestrial Expanse* (1945). The only widespread notice he received after the war was in a resolution of the Praesidium of the Union of Soviet Writers. In this resolution, voted to approve the 1946 speech of Zhdanov, which demanded strict adherence to Party spirit in literature, Pasternak's poetry was condemned as "devoid of ideas and separated from the people's life."

In this atmosphere, so hostile to the highly subjective art of Pasternak, it is little wonder that nothing original has come from his pen over the last ten years until the Italian publication of *Dr. Zhivago.* During this long period he has taken refuge in translating Shakespeare, Goethe, Shelley, Verlaine and other great authors of the West. His versions of *Hamlet, Romeo and Juliet* and *An-*

ERNEST J. SIMMONS is chairman of the Department of Slavic Literature at Columbia University. He is the author of Through the Glass of Soviet Literature *and other books on Russian letters.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tony and Cleopatra are accepted by judicious critics as the best of the many Russian renderings.

In an early essay Pasternak declared "that it is in our power to do but one thing—and that is not to distort the living voice of life." With passionate intensity he has sought to express this conviction in verse that is nearly always an outgrowth of deeply felt personal experiences. And the dynamic language he uses represents a revolt against the classical forms of lyricism. Poetry, he writes, in his verse definition:

> Is the steeply rising whistle,
> The crackle of crushed ice,
> The night that nips the leaves,
> The duet of two nightingales,
> The stifled sweet-pea plant,
> The tears of the world on a shoulder.

The difficulty of his poetry is not a matter of language which, on the whole, is rather simple; it is caused by his method of free association and his extraordinary choice of images. He perceives everything at once, as it were; time and space, physical and spiritual sensations, his experiences and those of nature, interact on all planes of the poet's imagination and create their own separate images. In this timeless continuity Pasternak perceives the wonder of life.

Western students of Russian literature have compared the texture of Pasternak's poetry to that of Donne and Gerard Manley Hopkins. But the verbal structure recalls rather T. S. Eliot and Dylan Thomas. His poetic outlook, however, is essentially romantic and in many respects he goes back for inspiration to the great Russian poets of the nineteenth century. Of the three most renowned poets of the Soviet Union, Esenin and Mayakovsky resolved the dilemma of adapting themselves to the revolutionary present by committing suicide. Pasternak has resolved it by living in the past and the future as well as in the present. He firmly believes that "artistic creation must continue the image of the race." To him the great socialistic experiment is still a very imperfect thing "of which half is yet to be fulfilled." Steeped in the culture of the Russian and Western European past, capable of reading and discussing with critical profundity the works of Joyce, Proust and Kafka in English, French and German, he views the Soviet present with the wise detachment of universal vision. His writings contain no Communist slogans, no castigations of imperialist capitalism. He wages his own revolution, but it is a revolt in the cause of art — against traditional rhythms, syntax, and conventional forms and subjects.

IN anticipation of *Dr. Zhivago,* one naturally turns to Pasternak's prose. There is not much of it: four stories that appeared in a small volume in 1925, and his fascinating autobiographical *Safe Conduct* (1931). Something of the quality of his poetry, particularly its striking imagery, suffuses the texture of his prose. Its elliptical nature and stark economy of language sometimes make it difficult to follow. The stories, unlike anything else in Soviet literature, are not built up on conventional conflicts and incidents; they have no beginning or end. Rather a single motif runs through them—the balance of life has been disturbed by some happening, and the character struggles with deepening psychologi-

Variations on a Theme of Cavalcanti

(Ballata IX. *In un boschetto pastorella*)

I wandered in a little wood, and there
I met a shepherdess. So fair
She seemed, I dreamed
She were a moonbeam, a fountain, or a star.

Her crisped hair was gold.
Her eyes were made to hold
All love, in virtu far above
What may be told.

Her cheeks were white and red,
And with a wand her sheep she led.
The cold dew wet her pretty twinkling feet.
O love O love O love, she said.

Heart-touched, I did reply,
And gently asked her why
She walked alone, and made her plaintive moan
To stocks and stones, green trees, and the blue sky.

Softly she said, Alas
I have no man to pass
The time of the sweet Spring with, or bring
Me solace.

When I hear the small bird sing
And see the flutter of his speckled wing
My heart turns over. I long for a lover
In the green wood in early Spring.

When I heard this, and heard
The piping of the speckled bird
I said within my heart, Now bear a proper part;
And with a courteous word

I begged of her the grace
That I might kiss her face
And be the one alone,
Of her gentleness, in her embrace.

She took my hand and with a kindly will
Showed me a little hill
Wherein a stream did flow and flowers grow
And where (she said) the god of Love did dwell.

She was no moonbeam, star, or dream,
Nor icy changing crystal stream,
But very woman, such (I say) as no man
Might not love, nor her misdeem.

A. J. M. SMITH

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cal involvement to restore the balance. In "The Childhood of Luvers," Pasternak's masterpiece and one of the best tales of our time, the loss of the innocence of childhood in a young girl destroys the balance and it is recovered only when experience transforms her innocence into a mature philosophy. There is something uncanny about Pasternak's penetration into the emotional and spiritual ambivalence of the child.

IF ONE may judge from a few available foreign reviews of *Dr. Zhivago,* little of the complexity of Pasternak's early prose style or narrative method is evident in his lengthy novel. So often in art the language which youth employs to conceal is used in old age to reveal. Further, it would appear that Leo Tolstoy, a master of simplicity, has exercised the largest influence on this Soviet novel, which Pasternak—it is reported—regards as his most important literary effort. Its theme is a familiar one in Soviet fiction—the struggle of the old with the new in a tremendous revolutionary upheaval. One gathers from the reviews that Pasternak presents a crowded picture of Russian life from 1903 to 1929. Zhivago, a physician and poet, and his circle of intelligentsia friends, are the hopeful participants in the downfall of a corrupt tsarist regime, but its replacement by a revolutionary superstate eventually brings disillusion and despair to its idealizing adherents. The whole, it seems, is brilliantly illuminated by a philosophical consideration of the great problems of good and evil, and of the relation of individual freedom to historical necessity. Though there appears to be not a little implied and direct criticism of Communist policies, the novel is in no sense a testament of personal rejection of the Soviet regime. The problems Pasternak grapples with in the lives of his characters are apprehended not only intellectually, but also with a deep religious emotion that contributes significantly to the prevailing atmosphere of the work. The novel has obviously been born out of the anguish of a writer whose belief in the free functioning of the individual spirit, in the fact that man is born to live and not simply to prepare himself for life, has been violated without end in his creative life.

LITERARY circles in Europe hum with conversation about *Dr. Zhivago.* The German correspondent Gerd Ruge recently visited Pasternak in his little retreat a short distance from Moscow (*Die Zeit,* January 16). He found Pasternak cheerful and almost eager to talk about his novel: he began it before the death of Stalin and finished it by the end of 1955; it is not an autobiographical work, but is based on a milieu and people he knows well. It is not a political book, he remarked, and he has no objection to its appearance in a revised and shortened form in the Soviet Union. "I am not sorry that my novel has been published in the West," he said, "but I do regret the fuss which the book has made."

From his lengthy conversation, Gerd Ruge came away with the impression that Pasternak lives in a spiritual world that comprehends all Russian and Western culture. It is a kind of oasis which the poet and his small circle of admirers cultivate in the ideological desert of the Soviet Union. For them the 1917 Revolution and its developments are simply a passing phase of world history which has been necessary in order to bring about the birth of something new. This is the sphere of freedom which Pasternak has shaped for himself and which is so clearly reflected in his writings. That others —how many no one knows—belong to this world is clear to all who have closely followed the harsh experiences of intellectuals and artists in the Soviet Union over the last twenty years. They are not in revolutionary opposition to the state, yet they are men of artistic integrity who do not say what they don't believe. They live—says Ruge—in that quiet zone which is the center of the hurricane, but they live in the conviction that the hurricane will one day dissipate itself and that their art will survive the destruction and serve as the inspiration of future writers.

Years ago Ilya Ehrenburg declared that "it was Pasternak alone who laid the true foundation of contemporary Soviet literature." With *Dr. Zhivago* he has apparently erected on this foundation an impressive superstructure. It will no doubt be regarded everywhere as a defense of the creative powers of the free and unfettered individual and as a symbol of Pasternak's attachment to values different from those of controlled Soviet literature.

Memory of Anger

THE MEMOIRS OF A REVOLUTIONIST. By Dwight Macdonald. Farrar, Straus & Cudhay. 376 pp. $4.75.

William Esty

DWIGHT MACDONALD'S provocative, individual writing on political and cultural matters has been infuriating and delighting a loyal audience for years. Now most of these essays have been brought together in a book misnamed *The Memoirs of a Revolutionist*—Uncle Toby would not hurt a fly, Uncle Dwight would not revolutionize a rabbit—which almost any reader will find very annoying and intensely pleasurable, often both on the same page.

The annoyance begins with the selection. The constant to-and-fro, from the viewpoints of 1943 to 1954 to 1947, is vertiginous: are we listening to the pacifist-anarchist, to the dissident Trotskyist, or to the wearier latter-day Macdonald who throws up his hands at the whole political mess? We wade through a lot of pacifist sermonizing, e.g., "a choice between an Allied and a Nazi victory was a choice between being strangled or poisoned," muttering to ourselves all the obvious objections to this foolish and potentially dangerous doctrine—only to encounter, halfway through his own book, a chastened post-Berlin-airlift Macdonald sensibly agreeing with all our strictures!

The best items in this collection are the essays the author wrote for his own magazine, *Politics,* a publication that brought sap and sting to the American journalistic scene between 1944 and 1949. Unfortunately, a vanity that is loath to let *any* of the Macdonald prose slide into oblivion also preserves old *Politics* "think-pieces" on what the Brit-

WILLIAM ESTY is a free-lance writer and critic.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ish and Russians will be doing in 1945, or when Japan may be expected to surrender. One's irritation, however, is always yielding to admiration: when the man is good, he is very, very good. Macdonald has a passion for clarity that makes him attack when confronted with sloppy journalism, political double-talk, or the woolly "mysticism" of Colin Wilson. He has a pained honesty that impels him to *speak out* in the tradition of Garrison and Chapman. He enthusiastically corrects his own past errors ("No! No! Marxistical babytalk!" starts one exclamatory footnote). Above all, he has—or at least had—a concern for the good life, for human happiness, that is infused with an intense moral sensitivity. These virtues make their possessor a remarkable man, and a remarkably interesting and useful one, especially today when The Big Lie is rivaled only by The Big Snowjob.

MACDONALD'S finest hour was the last years of World War II and the first years of the cold war. All his good points and a few of his failings are to be found in "The Responsibility of Peoples," the section of *Memoirs* that contains the essays, mostly written while the war was still being fought, in which he eloquently attacked and derided the then-popular notion that the German people are to be held collectively responsible for the Nazi atrocities. Macdonald was also denouncing, *before* the war ended, such American disgraces as the failure to admit more than a handful of Jewish refugees from Europe, and the confinement of the Nisei in concentration camps. At a time when the U.S.S.R. was being "patriotically" whitewashed by almost all American organs of publicity, he called the Stalinists "these fifth columnists in the camp of revolution," and pointed a rudely undiplomatic finger at such things as condoning the Soviet betrayal of Warsaw.

Furthermore, Macdonald was almost the *only* civilian who wrote about modern war in a way that can command the assenting recognition of a veteran. Eschewing both side-of-the-mouth heroics and isn't-it-too-unthinkably-frightful eyeball rolling, he put his finger on the great truth that for the soldier war today is a *bore*. His anti-bureaucratic eyes justly appraised the army as another vast impersonal business structure. ("You may not be making much money, but you're working for a hell of a big organization," the G. I.'s used to put it.) And Macdonald must be praised for saying early what so many others came to say later: that our mass bombing of German cities was frightful and probably not even militarily justified; that "unconditional surrender" was an asinine policy. That, in general, if one speaks of "responsibility," one must say that "we" are accountable for our own horrors and, as contributors, for those committed by others.

And yet, and yet . . . even as one admires, one wants to ask questions. Why was anti-Semitism, why was "thinking with your blood" primitivism, so salable a feature of Hitler's election campaigns? Is Macdonald wholly right in insisting that the Germans were outraged by the Nazi persecutions and all-around cruelty? Was he led astray here by his anarchist formula, The State = The Enemy? In another, later essay Macdonald describes the Nazi party as having "mass roots" and "several millions of adherents."

Then, too, Macdonald is capable of writing about war like a civilian of civilians. Forgetting his own insight into the modern soldier's alienation from the impersonal system that encompasses him, he can wring his hands over the brutality of a wartime manual on hand-to-hand fighting (if he had remembered the bayonet-drill scene from Sassoon's *Memoirs of an Infantry Officer*, he would have realized how indifferent the soldier is to *all* indoctrination, including "hate-the-enemy").

THESE bellicose, un-Lamb-like essays display all the good controversialist's flair, incisiveness, wit, dash, refreshing freedom from blandness. They also suffer from the drawbacks of polemicism. It is hard to read so many hortatory, finger-waving pieces all in a row. His controversialist's stance leads him into arrogance, unpleasantly obtrusive in a long preface describing his political evolution. This arrogance sometimes expresses itself as mere sneering smart-aleckiness, e.g. when he makes fun of the old radical Alex Weisbrod for now being a labor leader (this, from a *New Yorker* editor!) or mocks the editors of the present-day liberal weeklies for their political powerlessness (this from the former editor of *Politics*, circulation 5,000).

For all his vows of intellectual chastity, Macdonald too often falls into the debater's imprecision, sometimes, as he himself typically admits, because of "the intoxication of rhetoric." When he commends our "long and honorable tradition of lawlessness and disrespect for authority," he is mixing up juvenile delinquents, criminals and mobs with such activities as the Catholic Workers' pacifist demonstrations, when he means to praise only the latter sort of action. He speaks of "the mass starvation of the Italians under the Allied occupation," of "millions of men, women and children of the working class [in 19th-century England] . . . starved and worked to death." *Mass* starvation? *Millions* of men? One could give other examples of

Plaza de Toros, Iowa

(*November, 1948*)

The cornhusk mattress creaks
like an empty church;
my grandfather in sleep
hunts for his death, a toreador
caught in a noise of crowds and cocks.
A cat with eyes of a doll
watches from under my chair,
watching the dust that creeps.
A curtain blows like a cape.
Something whisks past,
darker than water,
louder than a leaf.

The wind is round in his porcelain mouth
where his hard breath knocks
and the bony crescents clack
like hoofs of a running horse.
The last snore comes through a canter of teeth.

The bed is still. The window shines.
Rats in the woodshed leave their chores.
The roosters cease.
A bull that panted all night long
holds his black breath
and I see his horns blue-white and cold
like the parentheses of a lyre.

ADRIEN STOUTENBURG

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

distortion in the service of making a good, eloquent case.

Macdonald now thinks Marxism "a bore," criticizes the myth of the "revolutionary" proletariat, and in general disavows the Marxist approach to society. One wonders, then, why he bothers to preserve his bitterly partisan comments on Trotskyist faction fights, and why he has not footnoted many more of the "Marxistical babytalk" remarks that lace his earlier pieces.

Perhaps the truth is that Dwight Macdonald, like his fellow Old Revolutionist, Whittaker Chambers, was never really interested in politics. His concern has always been the Puritan's concern for moral purity. It led him to a now-disavowed pacifism, to a not-clearly-disavowed anarchism ("the real modern problem [is] the encroachment of the State"), finally to a weary, self-confessed confusion and disgusted rejection of politics itself.

Macdonald's current revulsion includes in its sweep the whole of liberalism. He never explains his impatience with it, merely announcing his weariness. But Macdonald's politics has actually always been a politics of revulsion. The revulsion from capitalism propelled him into the "revolutionary" sects of the thirties; the revulsion—appealing enough—from the modern world's brutality produced his pacifism, and perhaps his anarchism is best understood as a shrinking away from the very idea of power, and therefore from politics. We must never forget the pain and brutality of the modern political world, so we will always need men like Macdonald to remind us of it when we wish to forget. But we also need to act, and action implies choice, even if the choice is between the intolerable and the near-intolerable. Today, Macdonald's only apparent remaining political idea is the decentralization of Megalopolis.

The value of the *Memoirs* remains high. It is not so much a document in political philosophy as the record of a voice, persnickety, contentious, vain, unafraid, passionate, garrulous, often irritating, always honest. It is the voice of the indispensable Man Who Protests. The book would warrant publication if only for the delightful and deserved hatchet jobs it contains on writing and people Macdonald doesn't like. It merits reading on the strength alone of his defense of "irresponsible" coterie literature and his praise of the Bollingen prize committee for the Ezra Pound award. The man has many virtues, ones especially needed now in our time of the Nice Guy, even if others are equally needed. Long may he rave.

JUST OUT!

A FOURTH, REVISED EDITION OF

THE PHILOSOPHY OF HUMANISM

by Corliss Lamont

This stimulating, easy-to-understand book explains the philosophy of naturalistic humanism with refreshing clarity. The distinguished author and Humanist shows persuasively why it is a sound, satisfying and reassuring *philosophy to live by*, especially in today's neurotic nuclear world.

Humanism is definitely not a new-fangled "ism", nor a faddist cult. Dr. Lamont traces the history and growth of this time-honored philosophy from the era of Aristotle to the progressive thinkers of our own day.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF HUMANISM

1—meets the insistent demand by people of intelligence for a completely rational approach to the problems of life in keeping with this scientific age.

2—fills a void for those who reject religious dogmas, and the supernaturalist myths, promises and threats of fear-based philosophies.

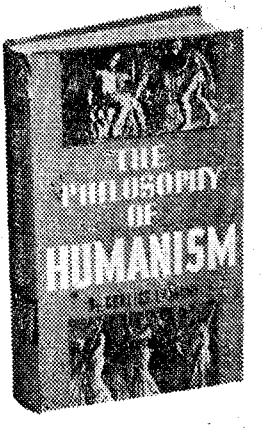
Humanism embraces a philosophy that troubled men and women everywhere will welcome, *not* as an "escape" from, but as a way of coping with, today's tension-ridden existence.

Humanism offers a philosophy that gives new meaning and purpose to our lives *here and now*. It is a philosophy of reason and self-reliance that demonstrates how we can develop and draw upon our own inner strengths to deal with our daily problems as well as the larger questions of Life and Death.

●

Dr. Lamont, teacher of philosophy at Columbia University, has taken philosophy out of the study and into the world—in 236 pages of unusually clear writing—236 lucid pages that *explain* rather than preach. He analyzes and compares other famous philosophical systems with the philosophy of humanism. He points out the essential differences, and shows what each philosophy offers the individual and society.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF HUMANISM is a book worth reading—and re-reading—by every thoughtful person.



Cloth edition $2.49
Paper bound $1.45

Comment on
earlier editions of
THE PHILOSOPHY OF HUMANISM:

"Readable and persuasive."
—*New York Times Book Review*

"The best presentation and analysis of its subject to be found in contemporary philosophy."
—*Journal of Philosophy*

"A philosophy of life in simple and honest terms."
—*The Survey*

"This book is worth reading because as Christians we need to know what the opposition is saying." —*The Living Church*

At your booksellers or from

PHILOSOPHICAL LIBRARY
15 East 40 Street, Desk N, New York 16, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wealth and Rebellion

THE CONSCIENCE OF THE RICH. By C. P. Snow. Charles Scribner's Sons. 342 pp. $3.95.

Max Cosman

C. P. SNOW is preoccupied with the distinctive social layers of England in this last half century. It was inevitable, then, that the attention he has given to the lower middle class in *Strangers and Brothers* and *Time of Hope*, aristocrats and university fellows in *The Light and the Dark* and *The Masters*, men of science and managerial men in *The New Men* and *Homecoming* should some day be directed to still another group whose position in society requires that it be reckoned with.

The expected scrutiny now appears in *The Conscience of the Rich*. Like its predecessors in the Lewis Eliot sequence, this novel of England's wealthy Jews is readable. It is also valid in the particular sense that it neither spills over into anti-Semitism nor slops back into a currying of Jewish favor. It could be called the considered view of a liberal thinker who is not afraid to follow through to a conclusion. The post of narrator is entrusted again to Lewis Eliot, who is somewhat peripheral in this volume but nonetheless the usual paragon of perceptiveness.

The Marches of *The Conscience of the Rich*, we are shown, are representative of their class. Their fortunes, ranging from £100,000 to £500,000, are typical even by pre-Welfare State standards. Nor are they Englishmen by courtesy. They have been in the land some two hundred years. Indeed, it would be hard to distinguish them from their gentile neighbors since they are marked by the same conservatism, jingoism and pointed admiration for governmental office.

Despite these similarities, or perhaps because of them, the conscience of the respective Marches, as Mr. Snow analyzes it, revolves about the decision to be or not to be Jews. None can escape the issue, for against the willingness of elders like Leonard March and Sir Philip to be Jews—that is, to tread the customary paths of station or office, observing token dietary laws (only bacon seems to be banned), meeting in a ritual of solidarity on Friday nights, controlling marital choice in the young by way of formal dances, punishing a defier of the mores with disinheritance—there stands the resistance of young people like Charles and Katherine and Ann to the whole setup which they were born to.

REBELLION appears early in the story when Katherine points out the injustice of being of Jewish descent: "But the point was, you were being treated differently from everyone else. You wouldn't have minded anything but that." Later, Charles caps this misery with his own: "There've been times when I've disliked other Jews—simply because I suffered through being one." But the bitterest expression of rankling comes from Ann to whom he is talking: "I've hated my father sometimes because of the misery I've been through on his account."

Such hurt to the ego must carry over into characteristic action. Charles breaks with an acceptable but selfish legal career and adopts a life of service as a doctor. Katherine marries the gentile with whom she has fallen in love. Ann, subject to her subconscious hate—here Mr. Snow is overtly Freudian—becomes instrumental in a Communist manoeuvre which topples politically the supreme father-image of the Marches, Sir Philip, the Parliamentary Secretary himself.

There is much to praise in *The Conscience of the Rich*. Its characters are pitched to passion. Its situations lead to recognizable resolutions. It possesses, moreover, the scrupulous documentation, of an upper echelon confidential report as it were, which is the hallmark of Mr. Snow's style. And yet one has reservations. If the novel be read only as the presentation of a problem confronting wealthy Jews, and Snow gives ample cause to read it so, then the work certainly loses its broader social connotation.

That Snow was not unaware of the danger may be sensed in his title. It enjoins the reader to find the book's ultimate meaning, not in the tribulation of "one of the greatest of Anglo-Jewish houses," but in the tensions of the economic class to which such houses belong. Taken in this light, *The Conscience of the Rich* does yield up its underlying pattern. The wealthy in the book are all the wealthy and as subject as they can be to the concerns of the day. No more than any other powerful group can they escape the issue of homogeneity, the conflict between old and new generations, the coming down in prestige, and the ever-sad nakedness, the nakedness to one's personal enemies. In palimpsest fashion C. P. Snow bids moneyed people search their consciences and come to terms with the all-changing world about them.

MAX COSMAN has written articles and reviews for Colorado Quarterly, Arizona Quarterly, Commonweal *and other magazines.*

Reading the Blues

Nat Hentoff

IN INCREASING numbers, the public aware of cultural developments, however idiomatic, is beginning to exhibit curiosity about jazz. The music is now being discussed by resident specialists in such journals as *The New York Times*, *New Statesman* and *The New Yorker*; *Harper's* soon will begin a regular jazz column. Even ANTA and the State Department occasionally turn to jazz as an international weapon, and Vice-President Nixon has told Eddie Condon he owns all of Mr. Condon's records (anybody want to bet?).

Obviously, the direct way to self-instruction in jazz is to hear the music. Jazz night clubs, however, are noisome (the customers, not the musicians) and expensive. Jazz concerts and "festivals" are infrequent and usually programmed like a benefit. The most satisfactory answer for the beginner is recordings, but with scores of jazz albums being released each month, it's difficult to know where to start and how to avoid land mines.

Neither of the American "jazz" magazines, *Down Beat* or *Metronome*, offers consistently penetrating aid. *Down Beat* is especially shallow and is apparently geared for less advanced high school sophomores. The only adult specialist jazz magazine in English, in fact, is *Jazz Monthly*, edited by Albert McCarthy from The Old Bakehouse, Back Road East, St. Ives, Cornwall, England. It is quantitatively encouraging to note the growing number of jazz columns appearing in local newspapers and in general magazines like *The Saturday Review*, but they are usually just lists of enthusiasms and animadversions.

A surprising number of factual books on jazz have been published in the past three years, but only a few are reliable and of durable value. There is still no adequate full-scale history of jazz, but a thorough examination of pre-jazz his-

NAT HENTOFF, with Nat Shapiro, is the author of The Jazz Makers. *He is a regular contributor to* Hi-Fi & Music Review.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tory can be found in Marshall Stearns' *The Story of Jazz* (Oxford University Press; $5.75). Absorbing supplementary material is contained in the booklets issued with Folkways' *Negro Music of Alabama*, Vols. 1 and 2 (Folkways FE4417, FE4418) and Fred Ramsey's *Music from the South*, Vols. 1-10 (Folkways FA2650-FA2659).

Of the autobiographical "as told to" books, the most candid and least diluted is *Big Bill Blues* (Grove Press; $3), which is an introduction to the social background of the blues in general as well as to blues singer Broonzy's own life. Still harsher light is thrown on the life of the Negro musician, even in jazz, in Billie Holiday's *Lady Sings The Blues* (Popular Library; 35c.) An exceptionally valuable autobiography, placed within an historical and socio-economical framework by the editor, is *Mister Jelly Roll* by Alan Lomax (Grove Press; $1.45). Worth hearing along with the book are Jelly Roll Morton's Library of Congress reminiscences about his part in the early days of jazz (Riverside 9001-9012).

THE only reliable analytical book-length study of the nature of jazz improvisations, rhythms, etc. is André Hodeir's *Jazz: Its Evolution and Essence* (Grove Press; $1.45). Less technical and perhaps therefore more valuable to the beginner is Sidney Finkelstein's *Jazz: A People's Music* (Citadel Press; $3—published in 1948, but available at most remainder counters).

A convenient collection of the kind of writing on jazz to be avoided is the recent *Jam Session: An Anthology of Jazz*, edited by Ralph J. Gleason (Putnam; $4.95). The galloping amateurism that has provided the bulk of writing on jazz for twenty-five years makes up most of the book. The "personality" sketches of jazzmen range from the superficial to the ingenuously distorted. Sections on the music itself are often inaccurate and at times, whoopingly uninformed (a collectors' item is Henry Pleasants' "What Is This Thing Called Jazz?", first printed in *High Fidelity* and proof that almost anyone is thought qualified to write about jazz if he can provide the fresh perspective of enthusiastic ignorance).

Jazz fiction has been consistently burdened by what Gilbert Millstein in the *New York Times* earlier this year described as "steadfastly bad writing. Their tone keys the monumental self-pity of their protagonists to the authors' maudlin appreciation of it." Furthermore, nearly all of the jazz novelists and short story writers have shown as much knowledge of the inside of the jazz life as do the jazz critics—they look a little like Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm on a picket line. A recent book, George Lea's *Somewhere There's Music* (Lippincott; $1.50) is a prototype of lachrymose, pseudo-hip jazz fiction. Notwithstanding generous encomiums from Norman Mailer and Nelson Algren, the book's hollow style is one-dimensional; the characters are stocks from the layman's imaginary jazz world; and the plot is as hip as *True Confessions*. "The book ends," commented Millstein, "with him [the protagonist] taking a big sniff of 'H' preparatory to going to Harlem. This is a pointless rap at (a) modern jazz and (b) Harlem."

Critical and historical jazz writing does appear to be slowly improving, but fervid amateurism is apt to be predominant for some time, because the fan-writer is well entrenched. As long as *Down Beat* remains the "bible" of the field, the writing will be of a caliber more appropriate to revealed religion than to responsible criticism.

Know-How

"Can do! Can do!" With whir and clunk
And very little getting drunk
They rinsed the mock-up in the oil.
They brought the cadmium to a boil,
Then shoveled in with plop and plink
A hail of little hunks of zinc.
From blueprints like an iris petal
They dug the troughs to pour the metal,
And gave it flanges, whorls, and tapers
By snarling it through lathes and shapers.
Oh exquisite beyond applause
The curls that grew from carbide claws!
They whanged the rivets round the rims
While subcontractors milled the shims.
A vast conveyor belt conveyed
The marvel they had all but made
Till there it stood—a lovely mass
Of chromium and plexiglass.

Unautomated, came the buzz
Of someone asking what it was.
They beat the pagan to his knees
And briskly cried, "Next order, please!"

ALEXANDER LAING

For the First Time in English

A complete translation of the leading monthly Soviet Journal

ВОПРОСЫ ЭКОНОМИКИ

PROBLEMS OF ECONOMICS

Voprosy Ekonomiki is the journal of the U.S.S.R. Academy of Sciences, Institute of Economics ✓ Theoretical and descriptive articles on all phases of capitalist and socialist economic life ✓ An indispensible source for all thoughtful students of contemporary affairs ✓

$35 per year (12 issues) *$3 per single copy*

INTERNATIONAL ARTS AND SCIENCES PRESS

33 West 42nd Street **New York 36, N.Y.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTER from ROME

By William Weaver

ONE FRIDAY morning earlier this winter, the traffic in Naples' Corso Umberto I was blocked for three hours, while a pitched battle between police and students took place in front of the dingy main building of the University of Naples. Twenty-one students and six policemen were wounded, a number of others suffered minor bruises, and at the end, thirty-three arrests were made. This outbreak of violence—which was front-page news all over Italy—was only the most spectacular episode in a long drama that for months has been tormenting Italian university life. In the last couple of months there have been two nation-wide general strikes, in which not only students but also professors and university presidents have taken part.

Violence, of a lesser kind, is not a stranger in Italian universities. At the University of Rome, for example, there are frequent disorders outside lecture halls, where perhaps five or six hundred students are trying to crowd into a room designed to accommodate half that number. Italian students are not on strike because they want to study less; they are striking for greater opportunity to learn.

Overcrowding is only one of the serious problems that concern higher education here. Professors are underpaid, and their assistants are given such ridiculously low wages (an average of $50-$60 per month) that few competent graduates are tempted to stay on at the university. These assistants are also severely overworked, because they are constantly called upon to give the lectures of the full professors, among whom absenteeism is a time-honored practice (I attended a half-dozen sessions of a course at the University of Rome, and saw the professor just once). The few dedicated teachers find themselves handicapped by lack of funds, lack of time and lack of equipment (as a student, Enrico Fermi used to spend his pocket money for lab supplies). It is not difficult for a student to take a degree from an Italian university, after having attended no more than a few dozen lectures in three years. Final examinations are generally oral and very brief. A single professor may examine as many as a hundred students in a day.

THE result is easy to imagine: a university degree in Italy is coming to stand for less and less. The situation is particularly grave in medicine—an Italian medical student can take his degree without ever having worked with a cadaver, without having delivered a baby or witnessed an operation—and once he has his degree, he can hang out a shingle and start practicing.

To remedy this gradual devaluation of the university degree, the Italian Government has announced the *esame di stato* — a national examination from which graduates may receive licenses to practice their various professions. It was the announcement of this examination that provoked the first national strike, last December. The government then met with student and faculty representatives, and the Minister of Public Instruction agreed to reconsider the nature of the examination. After a few weeks, a new version of the exam was released —a considerably easier version, obviously catering to what the officials thought the students wanted. A second strike and the Naples riot were the results.

The Ministry had completely misjudged the students' point of view. The examination—in both its first and second editions—was nothing more than a repetition of the final exams which students take in the last university year anyhow; it had no value at all as a practical, qualifying exam. What the students want—and this had been made clear by the Unione Nazionale Universitaria Rappresentativa Italiana (a body representing the great majority of Italy's 270,000 students) — is a seriously-prepared, professional test, following a university education which not only gives students a degree, but also sufficient chance to learn the practice of their fields as well as the theory.

The solution does not seem near. In a few months Italy faces new general elections, and this pre-election period is a time of stasis on many fronts. Nobody wants to stick his neck out; it is difficult to have funds appropriated, or to force final decisions. The present Minister of Public Instruction (who may well be replaced after the elections) has insisted that he can promulgate a satisfactory version of the *esame di stato* within the next few weeks. That seems unlikely, since—as the students have made apparent—it is not the exam, but the preparation for it that is important.

MEANWHILE student morale is low. The students' political parties fight the understandable apathy of the student body, but one of the major university political elements is the F.U.A.N. (Fronte Universitaria Azione Nazionale), a neo-Fascist group. At the University of Rome, for example, this Fascist group is in a majority. Their members are particularly active in demonstrations, eager to exacerbate the present situa-

RESORTS

Attention Please!

Train leaving on Track 31 for

. . . . . .

Are they calling out the location of your resort?

Those vacationers are heading for rest and fun.

Do they know what good times they can have at your place?

Tell them about it through the resort advertising pages.

$7.42 per inch, per insertion

Generous discounts for multiple insertions. Write or phone today for further information

ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT

The NATION

333 SIXTH AVE., N. Y. 14, N. Y.

CHelsea 2-8400

The Crossroads

(an homage to Edwin Muir)

Wherever a man stands still
—whether from weariness
or the moment reciprocal—
the road perpendicular
to that of his progress
lashes out, near and far.

And it is just as well
that some do not go on
to the perilous dark chapel,
although in the glistering town
toward which they drift instead
the inhabitants are dead.

And it is well that some
—seemingly perverse—
hold staunchly to their route:
as did Oedipus who'd come
to that place where he might
have stepped aside. Should not these
whose tendency it is
have some great reason to nurse
for gouging out their eyes?

Here! There! the roads lash out
like fire, and we must pause
and rest and gaze about,
regardless of their laws.
Much doubt may come to light
in the long spells we turn
and weigh the double fork.
Almost a road uncut
our indecisions burn
above the roads we walk.

DAVID GALLER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion and to embarrass Italian democratic processes.

Student morale has been depressed still further by the raising of tuition fees—a desperate, inadequate attempt to pay for better equipment and instruction. Italian students are poor and simply cannot pay higher tuition. The new Italian constitution—which recently celebrated its tenth anniversary—guarantees to all deserving young people the "right to study." In practice, only two per cent of Italian university students are being educated on fellowships—and these fellowships are miserable by foreign standards. Italy is a country with a great tradition of teachers and scholars from Vico and Volta to Croce and Fermi. It is also a country besieged by economic problems: backward areas, unemployment, lack of housing. Here is the vicious circle: to find the money to train the new generation of economists and scientists and thinkers who can help solve these problems and preserve the hard-won democratic values of post-war Italy. Meanwhile, as I write this, another students' strike has been called for next Wednesday.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

THE FIRST essay in Max Beerbohm's *Around Theatres* was called "Why I Ought Not To Be a Dramatic Critic:" if my columns carried titles I should give the present one a similar heading. Many critics, it is evident, write as if the praise or abuse they bestow on a play were as significant as the play itself. I have never succeeded in harboring such a sentiment. I experience a certain sense of guilt whenever I express an opinion — favorable or otherwise — about the plays I am called on to review, and this feeling has become especially acute of late because I am not sure how I ought to treat certain recent productions.

There is, for example, the dramatization of *The Brothers Karamazov* by Boris Tumarin and Jack Sydow down at the Gate Theatre (on Second Avenue at Tenth Street). I have been waiting until its success was established to mention it. I have never been able to overcome my conviction that Dostoevsky's major novels should not be dramatized. This is perhaps an obscurantist view. Many have attempted the task—the Moscow Art Theatre most acceptably because it presented scenes directly transcribed from the book and employed an actor with a fine voice, superb diction and intelligent demeanor to read explanatory passages also culled from the original text—but I always come away from such presentations with the impression of something dismayingly distorted.

But, lo and behold, the young actors at the Gate are not only packing them in at their tiny theatre but have impressed some of my most perceptive friends. They almost unreservedly approve of *this* production of *The Brothers Karamazov*. I suppose they should; I am glad they do. For there are a number of talanted young actors in it and the effect of the whole is simple and sensible. Even a little taste of *The Brothers Karamazov*—surely one of the great novels of all time—must be a sumptuous meal. Can I help it if the production, for all its merits, strikes me as would the incongruous sight of Dostoevsy in knickers?

THEN there is Cocteau's *The Infernal Machine* (Phoenix). I have seen this play in four different productions—including the original one in Paris. I have also read Francis Fergusson and Noel Oxenhandler—both men worth attention—on the symbolism and subtleties of this reputable play. Yet I am still not able to appreciate the values which they have so painstakingly expounded. I sense nothing in the play but an agile dilettantism, and I came away from the show thinking of nothing so much as how attractive June Havoc looked in the red night dress Alvin Colt had designed for her. Is that an opinion?

And there is Edwin Justus Mayer's *Children of Darkness* (Circle-in-the-Square) which, since its original Broadway production many years ago, has been lamented as an undeserved failure. Mayer is a conscious writing man, what Mencken, I believe, would have called "a word fellow." He enjoys and asks us to share his enjoyment in word patter and phrase patterns of an elegant, romantically sophisticated, playfully diabolic, stage Baroque. In this he is unique in the American theatre, and I am all for such oddities and aberrations.

There is violent action in the play, but this is superogatory. We have learned that a play can be "talky" and still be stage-worthy. Shaw, for one, has proved it. But there is drama in Shaw's "talk" (as there is, to take another example, in Beckett's) because the impulse which projects the talk is not only a liveliness and invention of ideas but a passionate, persuasive instinct which is in vital conflict with the audience's passivity toward these ideas.

The same does not exist in *Children of Darkness* which, for all its plotting and occasionally clever lines, seems like an exercise in rhetoric conveying nothing so much as the author's desire to reach some other realm outside the humdrum of our own. The inspiration is sympathetic, but the result is strained. None of the performers is bad. George C. Scott as an ultra-cynic in a pastiche of the English eighteenth century vein is quite effective, and one is once again glad to see Colleen Dewhurst, an uncommonly handsome young actress of true potentiality, though she is hardly ever cast in roles that correspond to her talent—which is of a richly emotional nature under the stress of some (possib-

Free to WRITERS
seeking a book publisher
Two fact-filled, illustrated brochures tell how to publish your book, get 40% royalties, national advertising, publicity and promotion. Free editorial appraisal. Write Dept. NA2
Exposition Press / 386 4th Ave., N.Y. 16

Service for Our Readers from Our Readers' Service

If there's any book you want to buy (except paperbacks) — you can do so without leaving the comfort of your home. Simply let our Readers' Service Department do your shopping.

Here's all you have to do: send us the name and author and, if possible, the publisher of the book. We'll have it sent directly to you.

If payment is received with your order the books will be sent you post-free; if sent COD, you will be charged the regular price plus postage.

No COD's outside the United States.

Address your orders to:

***The* NATION**
Miss O. Le Pach
Readers Service Department
333 Sixth Avenue, N.Y. 14, N.Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ly puritanic) constraint. José Quintero's production tends to drift into a sort of "Gothic" melodrama instead of sparkling with comedic artificiality. Still should we not say "yea" to this unusual off-Broadway effort?

Blue Denim by James Herlihy and William Noble, directed by Joshua Logan is a slight play—at once domestic comedy and tear jerker—about adolescent love leading to what a character in the play calls a "horrible operation," and the problem of middle-class parents who do not know how to communicate with their children and vice versa.

When I call the play a tearjerker I am not being disparaging: I am simply reporting that I heard significant sniffles and blowing of noses throughout the house—and I would not dream of belittling this. It means that the play touches a sensitive spot in the audience. Most of the dialogue, which reveals "the delinquent" boastfulness of basically sweet adolescents, seemed to me to smack of gags, while the sentiment in the play is inoffensive except for its expectedness.

The production and acting are thoroughly adept—and I have no objection whatsoever, despite my own lack of true engagement in the proceedings, to the play's meeting the approval of the extensive audience to whom the show is addressed. Still I don't call that an opinion!

MUSIC

Lester Trimble

UNLESS I am imagining things, the public behavior of soprano Maria Meneghini Callas has taken a subtle change since her January debacle in Rome, where she walked out on the production of *Norma* that was to have opened the operatic season there, and was, in retaliation, kept from appearing in several subsequent productions. Here in New York, her singing with the Metropolitan Opera has been surrounded by just the normal types of publicity—critical reviews; a "life story" serialized in the New York *Post;* written and televised interviews. None of the verbiage, to my knowledge, has been stimulated by the negative fact of non-appearance. And that, I think, is good. The importance of a singer lies in her singing; not in her bronchitis or her tantrums.

Callas' recent appearance as Lucia in Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor* struck me as a commendably sustained and high-level effort; a performance of good, but not thrilling, Metropolitan Opera caliber. I do not find her voice particularly attractive. Neither its edgy quality nor the siren-like pungency of its highest tones contains much that I would call intrinsically beautiful. But, so long as she is not singing at full volume, the voice is capable of great flexibility and accurate intonation. These qualities were particularly tested in the florid passages of the mad-scene, where, even in the nakedly revealing duet between the soprano and a flute down in the pit, each phrase came forth with seeming facility and remained meticulously on pitch. If this technical accomplishment had carried with it an apposite feeling of musical élan, I would have been delighted. Even so, it was a feat one does not too often encounter.

In an overall sense, Callas' portrayal seemed more of an intellectual achievement than a projection of human personality. Whether her failure to send warmth across the footlights was a result of singing consistently at a restrained dynamic level, I cannot say. But I had a disturbed feeling throughout the evening that some interior part of the singer was not being made manifest, either through the music or through her acting. Many aspects of the performance seem calculated: the strangely wobbling, worried movement of her head; the peculiar gesture of one hand against her cheek; even, frequently, the singing itself. And yet, there were moments when only a few aspects of the performance seemed to have been considered. Using the mad-scene again for an example, aside from the consciously statuesque posture which the singer assumed when she first appeared at the head of a staircase, she paid little attention to visual characterization. Callas' thoughts seemed to be concentrated on singing alone, and as I have indicated, she did that with technical success. Visually, however, there was not much madness on display.

In the same production, a young tenor named Eugenio Fernandi made his first Metropolitan Opera appearance in the role of Eduardo. His vigorous stage behavior and the clarion power of his voice fairly jolted the auditorium. Giorgio Tozzi, who sang the part of Raimondo, did so in a richly colored and urbane manner, while in other prominent roles, Thelma Votipka and Mario Sereni sang with equal conviction. Conductor Fausto Cleva presided in the pit.

AT Town Hall, a few days later, a large, lively audience greeted the *Virtuosi di Roma* on their first American visit in two years with thundering accolades at every movement's end. The program, entitled *Instrumental Italian Music of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries,* comprised six Concerti Grossi by Vivaldi; the Concerto in D Major, Op. 6 No. 4, by Corelli; and a Concerto in D Minor for Oboe and Strings by Tommaso Albinoni. It was thoroughly charming.

Renato Fasano, the director of this thirteen-man ensemble (made up of strings, cembalo, and an intermittent woodwind) founded the group for the express purpose of playing rarely-heard music from original scores and, insofar as possible, according to the traditions obtaining in the composers' times. The fact that the ensemble calls itself, in Italy, the *Collegium Musicum Italicum,* strikes me as important. For these musicians are not virtuosi in the Heifetz, Milstein, Elman sense. They seem, instead, like members of a good theatrical repertory company.

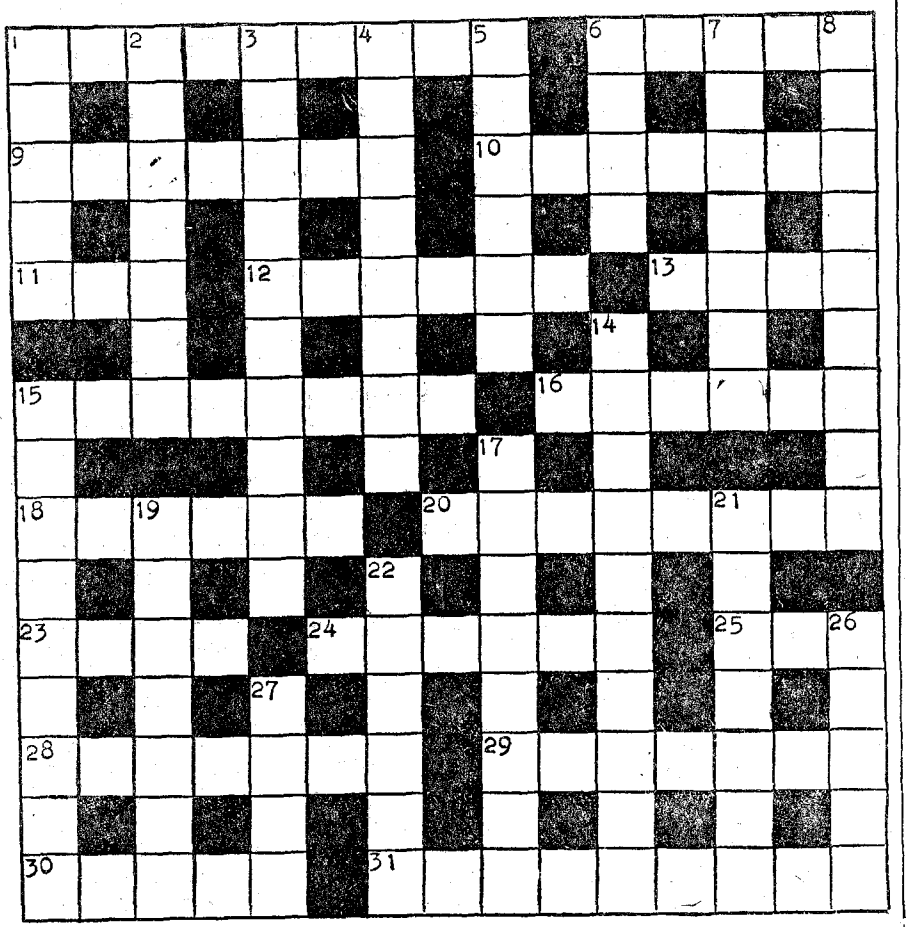
Under Fasano's direction, however, they present a few characteristics to distinguish them from other such groups. First of all, they play every fast movement as if the very devil were after them, sailing along on the buoyant edge of the pulse, yet seldom seeming to hurry. Their slow movements, without fail, have a melting languorousness which strikes me as completely appropriate in this antique Italian music. And, when the instruments are all drawn together on a single broad chord, or a succession of them, their control of internal balances and of dynamic progressions from soft to loud is really remarkable for its sensitivity and for the warm, compact color it produces.

When so many Concerti by Vivaldi are grouped together, it is impossible to avoid some general observations, for this composer's bag of tricks, through wondrous, was comparatively small. His bass pedal points often sport passages of fine soprano brilliance above them. Refreshing conversations between two solo instruments (usually violins) are a staple of his vocabulary. His passages in undulating thirds are as sensuously appealing as the Doge's palace. These elements make Vivaldi's music immensely ingratiating even today, and the *Virtuosi di Roma* presented them all in full flower. Nor were the Corelli and Albinoni works made to seem less graceful and refined.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Crossword Puzzle No. 763

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Make a motion in a short time before the council, if you aim to score here. (9)
6 See 18 across
9 In case it comes back to land, they'll show how Parisians got around. (7)
10 Bow before the queen's abode, perhaps, if a record holder. (7)
11 Risking this when the band doesn't show? One glides so easily! (3)
12 Notice it gets split loose! (6)
13 See 19 down
15 Ma senses there's no difference with it. (8)
16 One might expect to move rapidly in such a profession. (6)
18 and 6 across We wish they would on the first of every month—it's a sign of hoarding. (4, 2, 5)
20 Hit a town and seize it with this? (8)
23 The sort of vessels Rabbie loses his head over? (4)
24 See 6 down
25 The sort of 6 across that tabulate the main flow. (3)
28 Otherwise horses move somewhat peculiarly. (7)
29 A white rat especially has to do it again. (7)
30 A union man probably has a 3 one correct. (5)
31 A farmer might complain of such a long distance. (5, 4)

DOWN:

1 Takes off (at least in the middle). (5)
2 A miler's not concern with sentiment, naturally! (7)
3 An object for the old trader or the new lawyer? (10)
4 The sort of bats that take a trick the hard way? (8)
5 Makes like Dopey? (6)
6 and 24 across Dollar-a-year directors? Rather big wheels involved! (10)
7 Implies a comparatively full loaf. (7)
8 Polonius warned against being so caught in secret surroundings rather feebly. (9)
14 Man's heart's broken by worrying. (10)
15 This bird is two kinds of fool! (9)
17 What a fender might be doing. (8)
19 and 13 across Vice-ruler account (for the U-boat campaign, no doubt). (7, 4)
21 One is not likely to give thanks. (7)
22 Put up a roll around no tissue like this. (6)
26 Do women find such hose rather steep? (5)
27 With 6 down this might be termed Deerslayer. (4)

SOLUTIONS TO PUZZLE NO. 762

Across: 5 KISSING; 10 ION; 11 ONION; 15 KEENER; 16 and 29 WILD AND WOOLLY; 17 and 9 LIFE SAVER; 19, 12 and 1 across HAIL FELLOW WELL MET; 21 MELLOWS; 22 DUTY; 23 BRAD; 25 PENSION; 27 BEHEAD; 33 TIMID; 34 MOA; 35 ALAMO; 36 RUDDERS; 37 BESPEAK. Down: 1, 4 and 5 WISHFUL THINKING; 2 LEVEL; 3 MARROW; 6 SLOPED; 7 IXION; 8 GENERAL; 13 WIDENED; 14 ODALISK; 15 KNOWHOW; 18 and 28 FATHOMED; 20 AIR; 22 DEBATER; 24 DRY DOCK; 25 PADDLE; 26 NOMADS; 30 LEASE; 31 EMUS; 32 LAMB.

RESORT

50 Miles to FOREST HOUSE

Near enough for a weekend, fine enough for a season's stay. Luxury and comfort in a fireproof building. AIR-CONDITIONED and ELEVATOR-SERVICED . . . Unexcelled cuisine. Tops for sports. Nat Manners Orchestra; Benito & Gloria, dance team . . . Sophisticated entertainment.

FOREST HOUSE

Lake Mahopac, N.Y. ● Tel Mahopac 8-3449
In N.Y.C. Phone (local rate): FAirbanks 5-7227

FOR RENT

OLD STONE HOUSE, modern improvements, scenic seclusion, Bucks Co. hills, 60 miles N. Y. C., season or longer. **Box 55, Erwinna, Pa.**

PERSONALS

AUTHENTIC SPANISH BULLFIGHT POSTERS

VIVID REALISM — SPECTACULAR COLOR
A handsome decoration for dens, dormitories, club rooms, bungalows, bars or just any room with a wall.
Full size 1¾x3½ ft. Two for $3 postpaid
Six different action scenes
RESEARCH PUBLICATIONS, Box 305-B
Wall St. Station, New York 5, N.Y.

PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHER — Introductory offer — 3 8x10" hand-mounted portraits for $10 (reg. $30). Adults, Children; At-Home! **R. S. Abrams, SC 4-3519** (eve.)

BRITISH SHOES FOR GENTLEMEN at a fraction of their American retail price! $10.95 includes duty and import charges. Delivery in ten days from receipt of order. Unconditional money-back guarantee. Write for free illustrated catalogue. **Steven N. Williams, Ltd., 40 Chatham Road, Short Hills, New Jersey.**

DIAMOND NEEDLES—A worn needle ruins records. Preserve records with a new **Diamond Needle.** Just advise cartridge number and model phonograph. $30.00 value — **SPECIAL $8.95.** Standard Brand Dist., 143 Fourth Avenue (13th & 14th Sts.), N. Y. GR 3-7819. **One hour free parking.**

PUBLICATION

"Evolution of an American Communist—Why I Quit after 27 Years" by John Gates. 25c per copy. Send remittances to **John Gates, 1236 Pacific Street, Brooklyn 16, N.Y.**

Advertising Rates

CLASSIFIED
74c a line (6 words)
Three-line minimum

CLASSIFIED DISPLAY
$7.42 per inch (minimum)

***The* NATION**
333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N.Y.
CHelsea 2-8400

Printed in the U. S. A. by ECB Publication Printers Corp., N. Y. C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We Didn't Say It!

Book advertising appears widely, and too often claims for a book are made in such ads that aren't justified by the book itself.

Thus it was that when our ad appeared in this space in *The Nation* some three weeks ago, we could have said (but didn't):

"The most important book since the first Kinsey report will be published on April 21. It is *Sex Without Guilt* by Dr. Albert Ellis."

* * *

We didn't do it.

Rather, we offered to sell pre-publication copies to readers of *The Nation* who would agree to give us a comment on the book. We have now received thirty-nine such comments.

The enthusiasm for this book is so unusual that all but one of the thirty-nine readers have granted us permission to quote their comments and to use their names!

And here is a random sampling:

"If persons with sex problems will dare permit themselves to read this plain-spoken exposé of sex fetishes, their conflicts will be well on the way to vanishing.

"Sex has been long on its journey up from secrecy and the gutter to which the Puritans condemned it. Now, Dr. Ellis, in one bold sweep, elevates sex to its rightful place as one of the greatest human pleasures to be enjoyed without shame."

Thane Read
Tempe, Arizona

"*Sex Without Guilt* will be of great help to those who have feelings of guilt about sex for the wrong reason, namely the belief that they are deviating from some norm from which few others deviate. This should do much to remove their sense of loneness and estrangement in their activity."

Rev. A. G. Edward Burgess
New York, N. Y.

"I have learned a great deal from *Sex Without Guilt*. Although my specialty is not psychiatry, I feel that many aspects of sexual behavior presented in this volume are entirely avoided or tersely mentioned in textbooks by reputed authorities.

"The careful reading of this book should be of great value, both to professional and lay people interested in a frank approach to the sex problem in America."

Edward Gallardo, M.D.
La Salle, Ill.

"Without doubt, I believe that it would be tremendously beneficial if this extremely provocative, challenging and penetrating book could be made easily available to all levels of our adult society. . . . I might add that I was unable to put the book down until I had finished reading it."

William Broadbent
Alexandria, Va.

"As a student of psychology, I possess in my personal library approximately one hundred different titles dealing with human behavior. By far the greatest number of these books deal with some aspect of sexual and family relationships, and they include titles by Freud, Havelock Ellis, Beach & Ford, Fromm, Lena Levine, both books by Kinsey and his associates, etc. I mention these books only by way of pointing out that in my reaction to Dr. Ellis' present book I am not entirely without basis for comparison.

"Of the many authors and authorities in the field of sexual relationships, Dr. Ellis is perhaps not so profound or technical as some others, and in this lies his great strength, because he certainly is not lacking in experience.

"He says simply and forcefully the things that have too long needed saying out loud and in public. . . . Dr. Ellis has done a desperately needed job exceptionally well. I want to do all I can to insure that his views become as widely known as possible. The thought comes immediately to mind of the desirability of buying extra copies as gifts for friends and relatives. . . ."

Harold W. Rollins
Plainfield, Vermont

* * *

Perhaps the most incisive comment comes from a man in Chicago who writes: "I have no comment more to the point than my enclosed check for ten additional copies. What a book!"

It is still possible for readers of *The Nation* to secure copies now of "Sex Without Guilt" although this book will not be available to the general public until its publication on April 21.

From its first chapter ("New Light on Masturbation") to its final chapters on "Sex Fascism" and "The Right To Sex Enjoyment," you will find this a most enlightening and unusual book.

To secure your copy, use the coupon at the left. Mail it together with your payment of $4.95 — and your copy of "Sex Without Guilt" will be shipped to you by return mail.

Once you read it, the probability is that you too will join those who believe this will be one of the most talked about books of the year.

Lyle Stuart, publisher, 225 Lafayette Street
New York 12, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Here is my $4.95. Please rush me by return mail a copy of "Sex Without Guilt" by Dr. Albert Ellis.

My name is .....
(please print)

My address .....

City..... Zone..... State.....

3-15-58

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED